THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIX.—No. 1546

AUGUST 2, 1933

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP FILMS

Round the Constituencies—By Big Ben on Tour : Delirious Dialogues : Tennis : Flying : Cricket : Books

1/-

HOTEL LOTTI
PARIS
The Hotel of Distinction
7 & 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
(TUILERIES)
Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS 81."

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
The leading Liqueur of the Empire. Made in the Isle of Skye since 1745 from a recipe brought to Scotland by one of the Prince's French retainers. At all public and private functions, Drambuie with Coffee completes and rounds off a well-ordered repast.
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
9, Union Street - - - Edinburgh

BOLLINGER'S
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
CHAMPAGNE
SPECIAL CUVÉE

JOHN Jameson
WHISKEY
THREE STAR seven years old and over ●
SPECIAL LIQUEUR Twelve years old and over ●

By Appointment.
PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

MOTOR POLICIES
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).
Premier Presentation. Two giant smash Talkie Hits.
WHEELER & WOOLSEY in "DIPLOMANIACS," and
HENRY KENDALL and GILLIAN LIND in "THE MAN OUTSIDE."

HOTELS

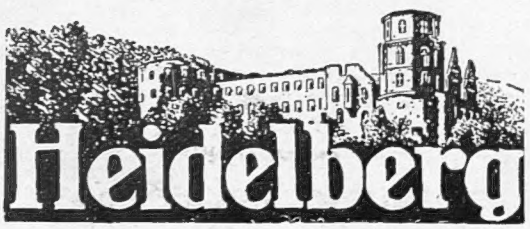
Your friends will envy you staying at
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Telephone: Hastings 869
Everyone knows this attractive, luxurious, yet quiet hotel with its hundred-and-twenty-foot sun lounge facing out to the Channel across long stretches of beautiful sand. Hot and cold water to all the hundred bedrooms and private suites. Central and electric heating. Passenger lift. Garages. Music. A centre for everything. Very fine cuisine and vintage wines. *From 4½ gns. incl.*

HARROGATE—GRAND HOTEL
Make the most of the sun by staying at the GRAND. The new Sun Walk, with Vita-Glass roof and many delightful amenities, leads direct to Pump Room from the GRAND, the Spa's most modern hotel. Finest cuisine and wines, luxurious comfort, efficient service. Dinner-Dance every Saturday. Orchestra plays daily.

GLORIOUS DEVON'S MOST CHARMING HOTEL.
HOTEL RIVIERA, TORQUAY
'Phone: 2748. NOW!! from 13/6 daily inclusive.
Magnificent central position facing sea. Tennis. Dancing. Billiards. Garage. R.A.C. Delicious Devon fare. "Full Value Pressed Down and Running Over."
PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.
Also Hotel Riviera, SIDMOUTH. Centre of Esplanade. Phone: 346 Sidmouth.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS and RESORTS.

LE TOUQUET. FOR A HAPPY HOLIDAY STAY AT
THE BRISTOL (BRITISH)
1st class; from Fs. 70 incl.
Terminus IMPERIAL AIRWAYS. OPEN ALL YEAR. APPLY FOR BOOKLET.



On your way along the Rhine, 4½ hours from Cologne, 12 hours from Flushing.
GERMANY'S
Most Romantic Town
Finest Castle Ruins
Oldest University
(founded in 1386).

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Bruges.—Hotel de Flandre and Restaurant. First-class comforts in old-world surroundings. Garden Restaurant.

Coq-sur-Mer.—Hotel Beau Rivage.—A charming site in the Garden City, fac. dunes, nr. Golf & Tennis. Mod. prices; all comfort.

Coq-sur-Mer (Nr. Ostend).—The Grand Hotel.—Golf. Tennis. Free Bathing. 1st class 10/- inclusive. Prop., Demeulenaere.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Casino Davico's Hotel.—All comfort. Pension from Fs. 45, with bath Fs. 65.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Hotel de la Plage.—The leading hotel on the sea front. 125 rooms. Very mod. terms. Next to all attractions. A. van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—On sea front. From 10/- day inclusive. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Ostend.—Hotel Providence-Regina.—First class; 200 rooms. Pension and à la carte From 11s. per day.

Tervueren.—Chateau de Tervueren.—Tel. (Inter-02) 51.60.11. Hgh. cl. fam. htl. Former Ryl. Res. 7½ miles from Brussels. Mar. site.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—Le Pin Dore.—100 rms., 70 bths. Incl. fr. Fs. 50. Open all year. 1st cl.; new mgmnt. (lt. Ritz & Troc., Ldn.).

Le Touquet.—Hotel Armenonville.—In forest. Nr. Casino. Large park. Priv. bus to Golf and Sea. Fr. 65 incl. Entirely renewed.

Le Touquet.—Scampolo & Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st class hotel facing sea and swimming pool. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opp. casino Gdns., Beach. 1st cl. Pens. fr. Frs. 50. with bath Frs. 65. Suite Frs. 80.

Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo).—Eden Hôtel—Unique position. Own Restaurant on beach. Rms. from Fs. 25, including breakfast & tax.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class 200 rms. Own garage with lock-ups. Mod. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin Tourist class, entir. renov.

Rouen (S.I.)—Hotel de la Poste.—The best hotel for tourists with restaurant "Le Relais Fleuri." Same mngmnt.: Hotel Royal, Paris.

St. Cast (Nr. Dinard).—Celtic Hotel.—200 rms., 100 baths. On golf links, spec. rates for golfers. Facing sea. Tennis. Terms from 13s.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY

Hotel Metropole - Monopole.—On the famous William Street. First class. Very moderate prices. Pension from RM.9.—up.

Hotel Nassauer Hof.—The most up-to-date Htl. Thermal wt. in every priv. bth-rm. Gar. Phone: 59761. Cable-Address "Nassautel."

The Palace Hotel.—One of the finest and most up-to-date cure hotels on Continent with all medicinal bths. Pens. from 10 Mks.

Hotel Rose.—Leading Hotel for English and Americans. Thermal baths in the Hotel rooms from 5 Mks. Pension from 11 Mks.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Pension Mk.9/—up.

GERMANY—(*continued*).

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch."—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Bad Schwalbach/Taunus. — Staatliches Kurhotel.—Every rm. with priv. toilette & balcony. Erected 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Freiburg.—Hotel Freiburger Hof.—Modern House. 130 beds., 25 bathrooms. 5 o'clock tea. Trout fishing. Moderate rates.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Dresden (Saxony)—**The Bellevue Hotel.**—Beautifully situated on the River Elbe. Large Garden. Every Comfort. Garage.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Royal Hotel.—33, Avenue Friedland. Champs Elysées quarter. All comfort. Same management: Hotel de la Poste, Rouen.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open air Restaurant.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Gland, near Geneva.—La Ligniere.—Splendidly situated in own private park and beach by the side of Lake Geneva. Ideal for rest.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING and DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, VIIIe, and 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

The Illustrated Newspapers Reading Room in Paris

The Bystander, August 2, 1933

No. 1546. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Janet Jevons

CICELY COURTNEIDGE AND HER DAUGHTER

Cicely Courtneidge (Mrs. Jack Hulbert) and her daughter, Pamela Hulbert, are two of the latest mother-and-daughter studio visitors. Both Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert have been doing more film than stage work this year, and their latest film, "Falling For You," in which most of the falling is done on (or off) skis, is now showing at the Tivoli. Cicely Courtneidge is one of the most popular people in London, whether she is behind the footlights, on the screen, or with her friends in private life. Her latest "engagement" is with a firm of publishers, of which she has been made a director

Civil and Military

Weddings of the Week

Mr. R. Symon and Miss Myrtle Earle

Above: Mr. Robert Symon, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Walter Symon, and Miss Myrtle Valentine Earle, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. Algernon Earle's younger daughter, leaving St. Barnabas's, Pimlico, after their wedding. Miss Earle wore a veil of old Brussels lace which had belonged to her great-great-grandmother, the Countess of Ashburnham

The Hon. Edward Bigham and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice

Viscount Mersey's eldest son, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne's elder daughter, were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. Cyril Holland-Martin and Miss Rosa Chadwyck-Healey

Above: Mr. Cyril Holland-Martin, whose marriage to Miss Chadwyck-Healey took place at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holland-Martin, of Overbury Court, Tewkesbury. The bride is the only daughter of Sir Gerald and Lady Chadwyck-Healey, of Balbeg, Ayrshire

Right: Mr. Hugh Barre-Goldie and Miss Helen Sydenham Rowell, only daughter of Major and Mrs. R. S. Rowell, were married at Appleton Church, Berkshire. The guard of honour was formed by officers of the bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers

Mr. H. Barre-Goldie and Miss Helen Rowell

Right: another full-dress military wedding was that of Sir Douglas Scott, 3rd King's Own Hussars, son of the late Admiral Sir Percy Scott, and Miss Elizabeth Joyce Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. C. Grant's second daughter, who were married last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Tabloid Social Diary of the Week

WHETHER it was last week's heat wave, or the strain of the past London season, one of the "young-marrieds" in Society has decided to go into a convent. Now, what a chance for some others to follow her example. Imagine the publicity incidental to, say, **Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Katherine Horlick,** and **Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell** deciding to abandon a Mayfair career and enter a convent! And, as far as I can see, there is nothing to prevent them walking out of the convent, if they needed a change again.

Stunt

Most in the news last week were Amy and Jim, alias the **Mollisons.** Not wishing to detract from their noble effort, still must admire their power over the Press. Enjoyed photograph of the twin beds in the hospital—why not a double one? They 're married. Am rather weary of the mutual admiration for each other's "pluck"—surely their "stick-it-old-boy" attitude has been overdone?

Drama

The theatrical world has been quiet, except for those of us who have been to **Malvern.** Highbrows and Bernard Shaw at their best—wilting old ladies recalling hazy past glories—absolute plethora of "Wasn't it lovely when Ellen Terry played Falstaff?" Sir Edward Elgar important man at Malvern Festival: said the other day that he preferred good jazz to bad Bach. Hordes of angry Bach-ites reported to have made pilgrimage to protest to composer's home in Worcester. *The Conversion of St. Paul* and *All for Love* delighted all Malvern, young and old.

Mr. Stanley Scott interviewed 407 French actresses before finding **Ketti Gallian,** lovely platinum blonde, to act in *The Ace.* Others who look for platinum blondes have no such luck: they get caught by the first one.

Social

In the social world we must, of course, turn to the film stars for real news. **Ramon Novarro** has returned to New York, the **Menjous** are again reported to be divorcing, and **Douglas Fairbanks** has been at Frinton, avoiding publicity by staying with Captain Buckmaster. As latter's book is just out, fail to see how "Doug." hoped to avoid it. **Fairbanks junior** been staying in Gertrude Lawrence's party at Warsash: Lord Dudley also been there: Captain Arundell Clarke, who let the house to her, is now there by himself.

Sporting Events

In the world of sport we had the **Test Match** at Manchester. England saved by Jardine—nearly had to wire Lord Tennyson to assist. "Under-dogs" West Indies gave us a fine performance: Constantine cut his customary capers.

At Lord's the **Army** defeated the **Navy.** R. E. H. Hudson showed that defending the Afghan frontier has not impaired his batting powers—he scored a century for the Army. The Nautics' captain, Major R. A. D. Brooks, of the Marines, and Commander Tom Halsey did their best to save the ship, but it sank.

The Flamingoes (Dutch cricket side) touring here—return visits made to Holland this month by M.C.C. and Free Foresters. Night life at Scheveningen an added attraction—G. T. S. Stevens and R. H. Twining the great authorities.

Fox-hunting (or rather, cubbing) has now begun. Earliest packs to wake up the countryside and rattle the cubs out of the coverts at dawn are the Percy, at Alnwick, and the Duke of Buccleuch's, just across the Border. Hope soon to have reports about the "young entry."

Goodwood

We now come to the week's great whirl of combined social and sporting interest—Goodwood. There were no top-hats, but a "Tote," tents, and lots of champagne.

Lovely **house-parties** in the neighbourhood, local vicarages were full to overflowing. The Duke of Richmond and Lord Cowdray had the two largest parties, but the Courtaulds, the Leconfields, Arundel Castle, Angmering Country Club, and the Metropole, Brighton, all had large parties too.

Fashion Notes. In the Men's Dress Stakes the result was—Lord Lonsdale, 1; Lord Blandford, 2; Sir J. Buchanan-Jardine, 3. Also ran, Lord Portarlington. The results of such races as the Stewards' Cup, Goodwood Stakes, and the Chesterfield Cup are already known.

Dresses I never saw, but heard they were worn were Lady Scarsdale's pale shrimp-pink, Lady Penrhyn's green and black flowered foulard, Lady Catherine Willoughby's pale blue tussore, Lady Warrender's blue and white checked gingham.

Conversations heard at Goodwood included Lord Blandford's on chickens, Lady Broughton's on tunny-fishing, Captain Ivan Cobbold's on grouse, Major Cuthbert Blundell's on The Divot.

Lunches taken were chez the Maharajah of Rajpipla, Buck's Club, Captain "Jumbo" Joliffe, and the Cavalry Club.

Mrs. Ronald Renton

A snapshot of Rosita Forbes's younger sister, at her house in Chapel Street. She and her husband and two small sons have taken a house in Bembridge for the summer

There was a fine **I Zingari side** in the Members' stand—the selected team would have been the Duke of Richmond (captain), Major R. T. Stanyforth, Captain the Hon. Arthur Hope, Major M. B. Burrows, Captain D. M. Ritchie, Captain A. C. Gore, C. K. Hill-Wood, Hon. John Coventry, R. H. Hill, Major K. O. Goldie, Captain R. H. Fox. It was thought Lord Portarlington's fielding would not be up to standard, so he remained twelfth man.

Polo in the evenings at Cowdray: annual performers are Sir Harold Wernher, Colonel Vivian Lockett, and Major Jack Harrison and Major Horace Colmore. Lady Cowdray's hospitality as well to the fore, as always.

Weddings

Lady Kitty Fitzmaurice married the **Hon. Edward Bigham,** Lord Mersey's heir, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Lansdowne gave the reception at 20, Mansfield Street—all the Devonshire family present.

Lord Listowel married a lovely Hungarian, **Mlle. Marffy Mantuano,** in Budapest. Too far to go to attend it.

Miss Wissie Astor became Lady Willoughby de Eresby at Taplow. Ancasters and Astors amalgamate: ambassadorial assembly asked to wedding. *No truth* in the reports that Lady Astor gave the bridegroom a cocktail-shaker, or that wedding guests had to go to the Hungaria and Skindles for stimulants.

Parties

Midnight Bathing at the Country Club, Angmering-on-Sea. Results even now not yet heard. (Later) Two guests have since been seen—Captain "Tommy" Graves and Mr. Henry Brown.

Mr. Selfridge gave a Culbertson "friendly" in Carlton House Terrace. Some of the guests had not dined, judging by the avidity with which the buffet was attacked. Mlle. Rogez, a lovely blonde, was a welcomely new face. There was no dancing—in any case it would have been too hot—a small band "stringed" us past the host, his daughter, Princess Wiasemsky, and the Culbertson combine. After the reception, conversation.

Later, several made a move to see "lovely débutante," Miss Felicity ("Bunty") Watts, whose mother, **Mrs. Simon Orde,** gave a party. Captain Bobbie Hartman, one of the really intelligent and amusing B.B.C. talkers, gave a wireless speech. "Bunty" should pull any string—is pretty, clever, linguistically proficient, and unspoilt.

Afloat

Cowes. Yachts in full sail. Nice lines in yachting caps and Royal Yacht Squadron badges can be bought by anybody in the town. Commodore Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley in command on the Squadron lawns—Lord Camden second-in-command—Mrs. Rosa Lewis, of the Cavendish Hotel, in the house adjoining. Colonel John Gretton sails in Cariad, the Ernest Guinness's in Fantôme.

MR. PEEPS.

Out of London and Out of Doors

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Cooper, Lord Glanusk, Lady Lena Agar, Capt. Cooper, and Col. Murray at the Annual Fly-Casting Competition at Llandrindod Wells. Lord Glanusk was acting as judge

Fly-Casting Experts in Wales

The Stars go Flying

"Equidestrians"

Mr. Higginson, the Master of the Cattistock, and Mrs. Higginson watching the Goodwood Week polo for the Cowdray Park Challenge Cup

Arthur Owen

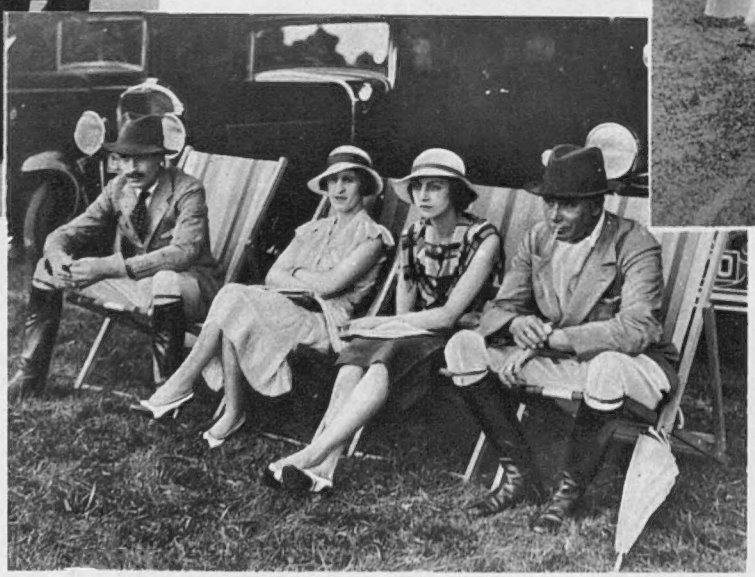
Trio in Trousers

Above: Mrs. Hackford Jones, Mrs. Lowthorpe-Lutwidge, and Miss R. Ponsonby coming ashore at the Lymington Y.C. after a race in the regatta

Right: Mr. Gerald Williams, Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. Gerald Williams, and Captain Heber-Percy watching an event at the Eridge Polo Club gymkhana

Goodwood Interlude

The Hon. Daphne Pearson, Lord and Lady Cowdray's youngest daughter, and Lord Barnby walking down to watch the polo at Cowdray Park, which is the great after-the-races feature of Goodwood Week



They have the Cooler part who only sit and Watch

Left: Miss Pat Hollander, Lady du Maurier, Miss Joyce Kennedy, Miss Dorothy Hyson, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mrs. Douglas Cory Wright, and Mr. James Douglas at the Stage and Screen Aero Club's party at Hatfield, which was given to meet Sir Gerald du Maurier and to complete arrangements for the Actors' Orphanage garden-party

Right: Miss Daphne Brownlow, the Hon. Mrs. Brownlow's daughter, and Mr. G. Beasley after a race in the Lymington Yacht Club's regatta

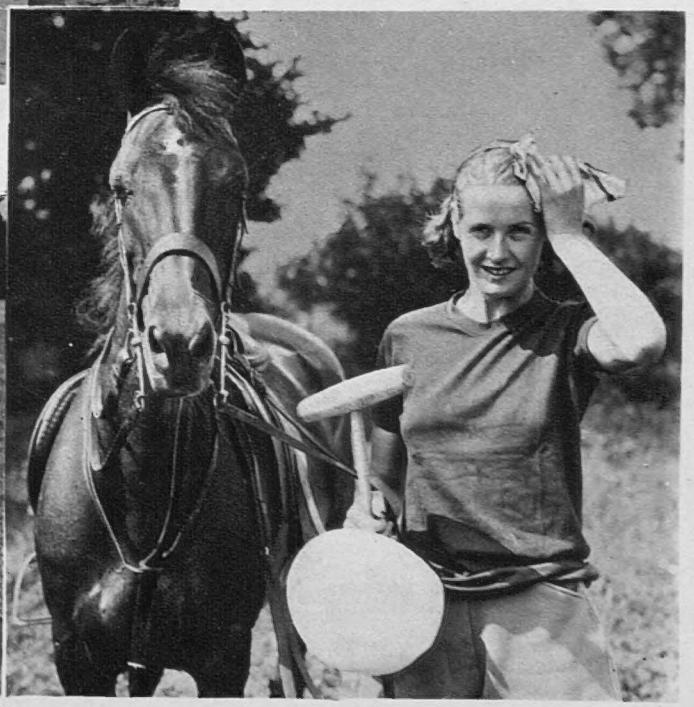
Below: Lady Priscilla and Lady Catherine Willoughby, Lady Violet Pakenham, and Miss Muriel Wright, the London Ladies who were defeated by the Southdown Ladies' Polo Club at Kingston ground, Southwick, Sussex

"London Ladies": They Lost, but They Don't Mind!

Arthur Owen

Yacht-Racing at Lymington

Young Ladies, but not Mr. Cochran's, at Ibstock Place



A Hot Southdown Lady

Miss Winnie Hilder played for the Southdown Ladies in their match against the London Ladies down in Sussex, when the country polo-players were victorious over the London ones

Left: Miss Winifred Paget, Miss Elfrieda Wall, Miss Morrison Bell, and Miss Anita Leslie at Major J. B. Paget's party at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, where swimming and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies were the star turns of the afternoon

Lady Broughton, in her printed frock, hardly looked more "summery" than Lord Blandford, minus his waistcoat. But he took his umbrella with him to Goodwood

Colonel Edgar Brassey and Lady Carew Pole, on the first glorious day of the "glorious" meeting

Lord and Lady Penrhyn finding the just-past-mid-day sun and glare in the paddock a bit dazzling

A Racing Reverie

Nearly All Goodwood

By "Regular"

GOODWOOD *was* glorious—at least, the early stages of it were, which is as far as I 've got at the moment, owing to the proximity of Bank Holiday, as the editorial staff call for my copy at the ONE moment it is least convenient for me to deliver it to them.

YES, glorious, and no mistake about it. Of course, 100 degrees in the shade is not everyone's cup of tea, and I noticed several old gentlemen and numerous old cars completely conked out on Singleton Hill as a result of it; while Maureen (I mean Lord Woolavington's filly, and not Lady Dufferin) was, I am sure, defeated more by the climatic conditions than by the strength of the opposition.

ALTHOUGH I 'd done my stuff in over Maureen, I was sufficiently sporting to cheer the success of Mrs. Rustom (an attractive name for a filly, if ever I heard one). The Aga's luck this year has been unbelievably bad, and in his anxiety to change it, Frank Butters has, on occasion, supplanted his best friend, Michael Beary, with the cosmopolitan Elliott. The change was unsuccessful. Imagine now the delight of Butters when, with Beary up, the luck definitely turns. The Ali, too, was in the seventh heaven of delight, as it is well-known he would sooner the Dad won a seller with Michael in the saddle than a classic with anyone else.

BEFORE I get any deeper into these abstruse racing problems, I must tell you a little of the "human form" as opposed to the equine, over which we lost our money. I had my weather-eye open and from time to time consulted my memsahib (a rare judge of her own sex) and we decided that "Posey" Guinness, Betty de Pret Roos, and her sister, Jean Smith Bingham, and Nan McGowan, would have to toss for it for the best-looking and most attractive woman present.

IT was a great joy, though infernally expensive, to find that Buck's Club had a tent after all, despite the numerous rumours to the contrary. Captain Buckmaster's eye lent colour to the proceedings (rough houses are to be avoided after one has reached adolescence), and the presence of Lord Sefton and Captain McDougall enabled us to rest assured that there was nothing "bogus" about going to Goodwood.

WITH this assurance and the consummation of a number of McGarry's concoctions, we were particularly bold about the Stewards' Cup, but, to our undying shame, forgot Captain Wills, whose "Gold Flake" have so often soothed us in times of stress. Oh, no; at Glorious Goodwood the humble "stinker" seems quite out of place, and for our snobbishness we paid the usual price.

FROM the time they appeared from that trough where "Starter" Allison dispatches them, till the moment they flashed by the winning-post, and we knew we 'd done our stuff in, it was always one of Lord Lonsdale's cigars to a Woodbine on Pharacre, and that 's the Stewards' Cup that was, despite what anyone else may tell you to the contrary.

SCARLET TIGER is an extraordinary animal. On the way to the races, one looks at one's paper and one says: "Scarlet Tiger 's the good thing of the day, but, of course, we shan't be able to back it."

THE numbers go into the frame and one expects Scarlet Tiger to be 3 to 1 on—not a bit of it: he 's 5 to 4 against, and the stupidest of us back something else, thinking that something 's wrong. Sequel: Scarlet Tiger wins a minute, and the stupid ones are kicking themselves for the remainder of the meeting. It happened at Newmarket, and it happened at Goodwood, and, what 's more, I hope it happens again and again, for wherever he runs and in what company it may be, Uncle Regular will back Scarlet Tiger.

NEXT to the King's, the Durham colours are the most famous in the land. Lord Durham is serious and desperately keen. Lady Durham, as a daughter of Sir George Bullough, is desperately keen, though not quite so serious. What 's more, she 's extremely attractive. There 's a couple we all love to see win races. May Scarlet Tiger win the Leger, and may all their geese, either trained by Frank Butters or "Jack" Leader, turn out the best kind of swans.

RIDDEN by "Steve," Colombo did just what we layers of odds hoped he would do—he trotted up. Thank you, Colombo. I wonder if you realised the responsibility which rested on your shoulders?

ALTHOUGH we tried to be merry and bright at Goodwood, there were many of us (I know I was one) who could not forget Cyril Buckham, whose tragic death the previous Saturday had robbed us of the most brilliant light-weight jockey we have seen in the country for years.

BUCKHAM'S triumphs in big handicaps since he arrived a few months ago have been sensational. His death in the hour of his triumph is a tragedy indeed. We, who recognised him as a great jockey and applauded his triumphs, offer our heartfelt sympathy to his widow, who is left with two small boys.

PRIOR to the glories of Goodwood I sampled the wonders of Worcester and, believe me, they were great. The track, which is almost bereft of any grass, is decidedly on the sharp side, and the bend into the straight so acute that the horses on the outside invariably go into the next parish. However, as long as only the non-tryers run wide, nobody minds at all, and says what fun it all is.

Left: Lady Doris Vyner, the Duke of Richmond's younger daughter, and Mrs. Edgar Brassey walking round together at Goodwood

From Here and There

She's Off! Yes? No?

Lady Beatrix Hoare, Mr. "Renny" Hoare's wife, and the Earl and Countess of Cadogan's daughter, aquaplaning in a choppy sea at Juan-les-Pins

Lord and Lady Burghley, their daughter, Davina, and their son-and-heir after the latter's christening in the private chapel of Burghley House, Stamford, last week. He was given the names John William Edward

Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Victor Parr

Left: Mrs. Victor Parr, the new Joint Master, with Mrs. Cornell, of the Meath, was a competitor in the County Dublin Tennis Championships, which were played at the Carrickmines Club

Ramon Novarro was seen off at Waterloo by Gloria Swanson when he left for Hollywood last week. While he was over here, he seems to have been just about as overcome by the number and enthusiasm of his "fans" as some of them were at never getting near enough to see him

Speed the Parting Guest . . .

End-of-the-Season Snapshots of Social Stars

Above : Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden in garden-party dress. Lord Hambleden is the Chairman of W. H. Smith's ; Lady Hambleden is Lord Pembroke's daughter

Left : Lady Stewart-Clark, Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark's wife. She and her husband will be going North now the season's over

Right : Lord and Lady Churston, who were married early this year, photographed at one of the many end-of-the-season weddings

Lady Jean Rankin, the Earl of Stair's elder daughter, is sure to be Scotland-bound before the year is much older

Viscountess Castlereagh will be going to Ireland with her husband to visit his constituency, which is Co. Down

Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard takes the call for Scotland, too, and goes North about this time of year

The Earl and Countess of Onslow own St. Agnes Island, Scilly, as well as Clandon Park, near Guildford, and a London house

Right: General and Mrs. Kennedy leaving Buckingham Palace after the Royal Garden Party, which officially closes the season

Above: Mr. Alexander Ramsay, M.P., who has represented the West Bromwich Division since 1931, with Miss Ramsay and Miss Stuart Todd

Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson M.P., and Lady Muriel Worthington, the Earl of Aylesford's aunt

Right: the Hon. William Jolliffe and Lady Perdita Jolliffe, who, before she married Lord Hylton's only son in 1931, was Lady Perdita Asquith

Lady Katherine Lindsay, the Earl of Crawford's fifth daughter, off to one of the last of the July functions

Another echo of the Royal Garden Party: Major and Mrs. Fox Pitt coming away from Buckingham Palace

Lt.-Colonel T. C. Russell Moore, C.B.E., the Member for Ayr since 1925, walking with his wife, Mrs. Moore

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Fitzalan-Howard hurrying about London as briskly as if the season was new and there was no heat-wave

• PERSONALITIES

Lady Anne Rhys

"Very pretty in a very English way"

Lady Muriel Beckwith

"Never forgets an acquaintance"

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes

"She has just written a novel"

• **LADY ANNE RHYS,** a recent bride, is the young Chairman of the "Georgian Ball." She is very pretty in a very English way. She has great charm and a repose which is rare for her age and "of" this age. She has a quiet presence, and one would not expect her ever to speak hastily or without control. She has a firm will behind a gentle smile. The violet is her favourite flower, but her personality will develop year by year until that humble bloom will in no way portray her. She has very long, blackened eyelashes, a devoted grandmother, and a good-looking husband with delightful manners.

• **LADY MURIEL BECKWITH,** who has just got engaged to be married, having obtained a divorce from her first husband, is an alert person. She talks extraordinarily quickly and moves with nervous energy. She is very affectionate to her numerous friends, addressing them caressingly. She likes her nickname of "Micky." She is not afraid of poverty or work, having faced both courageously. She has a sharp brain and never misses a point of importance. She has no snobbery whatsoever, and never forgets an acquaintance. She has fair fluffy hair, capable hands, a brother who is a Duke, several children, and a fiancé in the Navy.

• **MR. PETER RENNELL RODD,** who has become engaged to the Hon. Nancy Mitford, looks very young for his age, which is approximately thirty. He has thick, untidy golden hair and such a very fair English complexion that he has at times been mistaken for English royalty. He is quite *un*-self-conscious of his clothes or his appearance and is delightfully adventurous. He is also romantic and slightly idealistic, although he prefers to think of himself as a realist. He is extremely intelligent, but unambitious. He likes talking, is interesting to listen to, and is capable of clever criticism. He is untidy and unsoigné, but attractive. His father is a brilliant diplomat; his mother has tenacity and a strong will. He has searching eyes, a good voice, and a black soft hat.

Mr. Peter Rennell Rodd

"He is untidy, but attractive"

• **LORD ELIBANK,** who flew over to Le Touquet the other day with a party of young friends, is a very popular man. He is an enthusiastic member of the House of Lords and speaks continually and well. He has lived a most interesting life and has a wealth of anecdote and experience to tell. As Charlie Murray, he was a "well-known man about town," and his contemporaries like to tease him about the "good old days." He is an intelligent business man and very honest and straightforward in all his dealings. His heart is often in the Highlands, but he has also an affection for the busy world, in which he plays a busy part. He gives sound, sensible advice, but for himself he will often take a "sporting chance." He has a clever wife, dead-white hair, a fat, chuckling laugh, and a twinkle in his eye.

• **THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES,** who has opened her villa at Cap Martin, is never spoken of or written about without the preceding adjective "beautiful." She has a perfect oval face, a deep ivory skin, and dark hair and eyes. She is strikingly chic and looks too young to have a married daughter. She likes admiration and public limelight. No achievement appears too difficult for her, but her imagination sometimes outstrips her capability. It amuses her to be fashionably frank and self-revealing, but her appearance gives an impression of romantic mystery. She invariably gets her own way, and her family and intimate friends are like a little court around her. She has written a novel, and has published privately *A Working Girl's Lament*. She is the widow of a French Prince and the daughter of a Duc. She has lovely jewellery, a cold voice, and a nice English husband.

PETER PEPPER

Lord Elibank

"Has an affection for the busy world"

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

THIS week, being Cowes Week, it 's the yachtsmen's turn to be given the once-over. Most of them take themselves and their sport pretty seriously. And, after all, owning a boat, of whatever size, is an art as well as a sport. And the "Squadron," to which, one imagines, every yachtsman would like to belong if he could, sets such a standard of exclusiveness and dignity that it 's no wonder they all wear their yachting caps and carry their telescopes with an air, especially this week.

CYRIL POTTER is a member of the R.Y.S.; he also belongs to the Solent and the Royal Victoria, is the Commodore of the Lymington Yacht Club, and is a great cruising enthusiast. Another of his specialities is the choosing of a good dinner, which he can do as well as anyone; he knows all about the art of food. He has been one of the King's Gentlemen-at-Arms for the last fourteen years, two years longer than he has been a member of the House. Carron Scrimgeour belongs to the Squadron, too; he has been racing the Oonah II. in the Solent in the various events of the last few weeks.

DONALD HAIG owns two Dutch barges; he lives in one, the Golden Hope, off the Essex coast, and sails around in the other. During the war he joined up with the R.N.V.R., and before long was in command of the armed yacht Sagitta, with which he did very well. He is a member of long standing of the Corinthian Y.C. When people talk to him about boats, he likes them to get their terms right; the sort of facetious jokes that are made sometimes about the bow of a boat being the front, and so on, just make him impatient. Commander Henry Vandervell is very much of an R.N.V.R. enthusiast, and used to arrange monthly dinners in connection with it. He has also written extensively about the sea and ships, his best-known work probably being *The Shuttle of the Empire's Loom.*

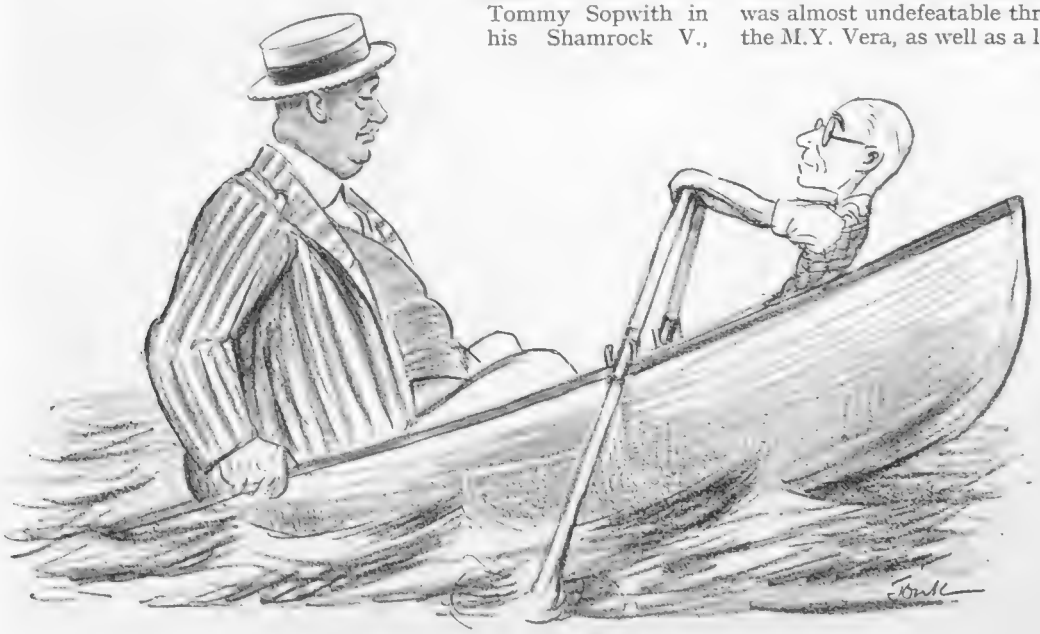
H. C. ELLIS used to do a lot of cruising in the Ciris, his 10-ton yacht, but now he has fallen for the excitement of racing, so we hope he 'll be lucky. Leonard Govett is a young and very keen owner; he and his Argosy have won several flags this season. He does his sailing in the Solent. Victor Alcard, who is following in his father's footsteps, also sails in the Solent in the Mimosa.

ALEX WILSON sails a lot with Tommy Sopwith in his Shamrock V., the late challenger for the America's Cup. He used to have a twelve-metre yacht of his own, but the economic blizzard drove it on the rocks, as it has so many other boats in the last two or three years. And then, of course, there is "Pills" Holloway, who has appeared on this page before, combining ship-owing with race-horse-owning, on his way to Ostend. Poppett II. is "out and about" on the East Coast; we go to press too early to report whether "Pills" was taking a winning part in the R.T.Y.C. regatta last week.

OTHER confirmed yachtsmen who, like "Pills," belong to the Burnham Y.C. are Charlie Jacobs, who owns the 23-ton yacht Patna, and Harold Warwick Smith, who, in his spare moments (if he ever finds any after he is through with business, committees and sub-committees), gets a bit of peace and quiet in his ex-six-metre boat Subindra. By the way, he feels a bit distressed that his recent letter seemed to have been misunderstood. The only pool he favours, at any rate for the moment, is the swimming-pool.

"Lex" Wilson
"As worn at Cowes"

COLIN CAMPBELL used to be an enthusiastic motor-boat owner. He disposed of his boat to George Rothschild, and now he has a steam-yacht, and goes over to Havre and other places in it for week-ends. Jim Bomford's converted M.L. Seahopper goes over the Channel every now and then, too. Seahoppers I. to VI. or so were outboard motor-boats, and in them Jim Bomford won innumerable races in England and abroad; he was almost undefeatable three or four years ago. Now he owns the M.Y. Vera, as well as a larger, staider and more comfortable Seahopper, and has given up outboard racing.



H. J. Cappel and E. J. Podger
"Dot" and carry one

ALL this sea-talk, and thinking about the holidays, has produced a frivolous imagination of what might happen if certain people met "beside the seaside beside the sea." And here is "Jonk's" idea of "Dot" Cappel and "Podger" Podger taking each other for a row in a small boat. (The latter's name is repeated because his surname is also his nickname—no one has ever been able to think of another that fitted him so well.) This reminds us of "Dot's" gallant effort in aid of charity some time ago. He challenged George Tozer (suspected, among others, of cracking those pillars outside the House) to a boxing match. However, the match had to be called off, as neither could reach the other. George Tozer couldn 't get down to it, and "Dot" couldn 't rise to the occasion.

Westminster Whispers: By "BIG BEN" on Tour

Round the Constituencies: No. 1. Cornwall

STRANGERS in the galleries in the House of Commons, as they gaze down at the Chamber below, must often ask themselves how in the world some of the members ever got in. I am not surprised; an M.P.'s qualifications are not so apparent as a film-star's; and the circumstances that make some men's return to Westminster year after year a foregone conclusion can only be understood if one knows their constituencies.

Do constituencies get the members they deserve? On the whole, I think, yes; and certainly yes, if they don't stray far from their own boundaries or their own traditions.

JUST over one hundred years ago, Cornwall used to send forty-four members to Westminster; two representing the county, forty-two the various towns and villages which had been transformed by a wary ruler into boroughs. Queen Elizabeth was taking no chances with a restive Parliament. She knew where to find loyal men and she made certain of having them to hand.

So it continued right down till 1821. "Rotten Boroughs" they may have been, but the Cornishmen probably didn't think so. A voter at Grampound reckoned his support was worth £300, and he usually got it. For two centuries and a-half the Duchy had only one member less than the whole of Scotland, and more members than any other county in England.

FORTY-FOUR is reduced to five, but I doubt if for years past Cornwall has had the influence on national affairs in the House of Commons that it has to-day.

SOMEONE has written that "every Englishman has a bit of the countryman and a bit of the seaman in him, and in the combination of the two lies the strength of his character." No county in England is more closely bound up with the land and the sea than Cornwall; no county has a stronger individuality. The sea may be the greater partner, but it is on the tradition of fishing and farming allied that Cornwall has prospered. This tradition, with the influence of the Wesleyan faith—Wesley personally converted Cornwall—has had as much as anything to do with the county's choice of its Members of Parliament.

MR. RUNCIMAN is not a Cornishman, but he has all those qualities which make his adoption by Cornishmen an easy matter. A great public figure is the President of the Board of Trade, as successful in politics as in business—a rare achievement. Last year he was being talked of as the next Prime Minister. Then his father—and only a remarkable man could overshadow such a father—was made a peer. Mr. Runciman obviously did not expect or did not want to be Prime Minister.

MANY years ago Mr. Churchill said: "Mr. Runciman is a very amiable, domesticated little man." Mr. Runciman hasn't altered; he still is. Mrs. Runciman is the perfect wife to him. The papers tried to pretend at the Ottawa Conference that she had been indiscreet; members' wives, it was commented, should be seen sometimes, but heard never. It was all nonsense. Mrs. Runciman gave nothing away.

IN Parliament, Mr. Runciman believes in the manners of past days. He says as little as possible; he is never expansive. The House thought he was discourteous when he

remained at South Kensington at the World Conference instead of coming to the debate on his department. He refused to apologise for his absence when he did arrive. He knew his own business best, and members should trust him.

For four years, 1924 to 1929, Mr. Runciman sat for West Swansea. He saw the Socialist victory coming; but Liberal St. Ives—and all Cornwall at heart is Liberal—dropped into the market a year too soon. Mrs. Runciman filled the breach. Came the Election; Swansea duly went Socialist, but Mr. Runciman was safe; he had to fight Sir Andrew Caird, a newspaper magnate from Wimbledon. Mrs. Runciman had a shot at Tavistock, in neighbouring Devonshire, and only missed turning General Wright out by 150. She was cradled in politics; perhaps she won't finish with them when her husband does?

Sir Francis Acland is a Devonshire man, but for twelve years he was Member for Camborne. He left a seat in Yorkshire to come nearer home, but when he left Camborne for Tiverton, his own county turned him down. In 1923 they relented, but they would have nothing to do with him a year later. He had no success up in Northumberland, but the faithful foster-county took him back last year.

Sir Francis was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Haldane, and before the war held various Under-Secretaryships. He is, alas! one of the Financial Secretaries who have fallen by the wayside. Still, he is only fifty-nine and feels much younger. He has a sense of humour, and once bowled "Plum" Warner at cricket and made eleven at billiards. In his spare time he weaves ties, which he sells to his friends at a profit of 87 per cent. Most famous remark: "Because a man is a very great general, he need not be a very great statesman."

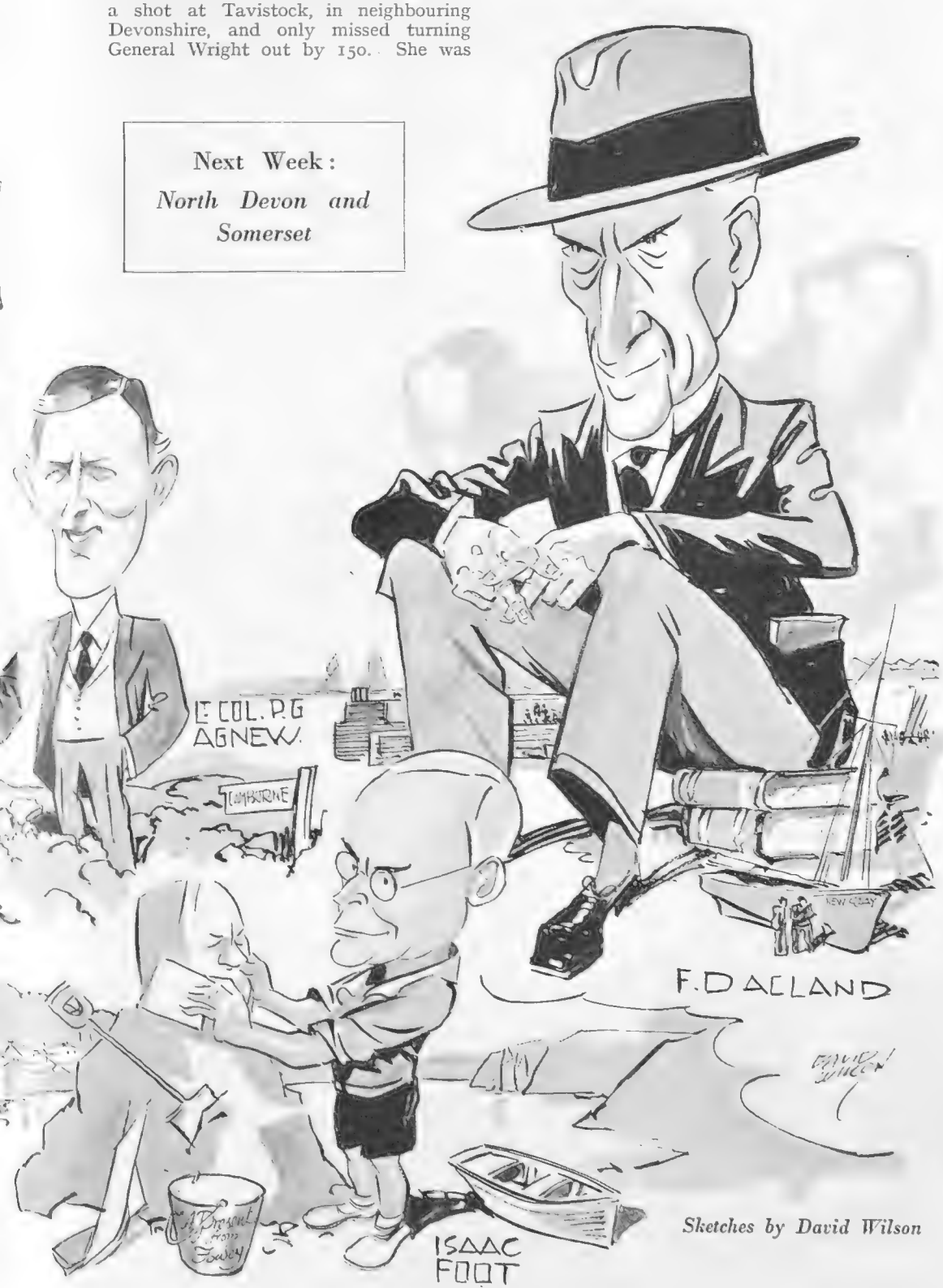
Mr. Isaac Foot could (and would) give you the name of a man who was both. He is still delightfully the schoolboy with his hero. "Every day," he has said, "I pass the statue of Oliver Cromwell; I always raise my hat to him." Who knows one day, perhaps, his salute will be acknowledged? Perseverance must bring its reward. It did to Mr. Foot. Three times Bodmin has had nothing to do with him, but he has held on and now the constituency is proud of him. He put his mark for all time on the Mines Department when he changed the name of its offices to Cromwell House.

He lives for reading and preaching. He has been a lay preacher since he was a boy. "Burke is my daily bread"—a Conservative master! He has one other bee in his bonnet—booze. He is a temperance reformer.

Commander Agnew and Mr. Petherick are exceptional men, Conservatives in Cornwall. Both defeated prominent Liberals—Mr. Leif Jones and Sir E. D. Simon—neither of whom were Cornishmen, but both of whom had all the attributes of Liberalism in excelsis. Commander Agnew is, perhaps, more of a Tory than Mr. Petherick. There is nothing between them so far as their voting records are concerned. Mr. Petherick talks more, but Commander Agnew talks better. They are worth watching, the two of them, for both have made up their minds to go far.

At a time when Conservative voted against Conservative and party forces were in opposite camps—and lobbies—over the Adelphi Estate Bill it was interesting to note that Cornwall's two Conservative M.P's. thought alike and both actively supported the third reading of a Bill which will give the trustees of the Adelphi Estate the opportunity to erase from the map a portion of old-world London.

Next Week:
North Devon and Somerset



Sketches by David Wilson

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Douglas Byng, disguised as a Destitute Débutante, in "Mad About the Noel," one of the most amusing turns in the second as it was in the first edition of "How D'You Do?"

High-Power Petrolini

No sooner has this department shaken off its inferiority complex in the matter of the Mexican revue (no speaka l'Espagnol), than along comes Ettore Petrolini and starts the language racket all over again.

So much for the hours spent with cribs and dictionaries wrestling with Cicero, Demosthenes, and that lot. Add what these old-timers meant then to what they mean now, and the answer is still nought. It isn't as though we could call to mind, as a set-off, anything at all apt and scholarly about Sophocles, who wrote tragedies, and Aristophanes, whose comedies were down-right funny once you got the hang of the topical wise-cracks. We can't, and the whole business reached its sorriest as we drifted out of the Little Theatre feeling like a lost cork in countless gallons of Petrolini. We must just say, and leave it at that, that this Italian all-rounder seemed first-rate in the comic character line (we liked his flamboyant Levantine pedlar who swallowed a sweepstake ticket) and very cocksure and competent as a blender of vaudeville patter and cabaret intimacy. Our interpreter in the next stall occasionally vouchsafed to explain one or two of the Commendatore's more rakish gags, and these took us back to pre-war and the Tivoli, which, luckily for you, is as far back as we can go.

Anna Roth and Walter Gore dancing the rumba in the Rumba Ballet scene at the Comedy Theatre

The first playlet, about a blind musician and a courtesan in a courtyard, being all talk, we naturally thought interminably dull. Finding in this spate of verbiage no yardstick with which to size up Petrolini as an actor, we just sat back and marvelled at the Latin capacity for gesture and word-output. You never know whether these foreigners are great actors or just foreigners.

"How d'You Do?" Again

The Charlot revue at the Comedy received our fulsome blessing some months ago, and its second edition now calls for further benediction. Arthur Macrae keeps up his form as principal author with a capital skit on the Open-Air Theatre and another on the Children's Hour, which began brilliantly with Edward Chapman's burlesque of Sir Walford Davies and ended less brilliantly in a rough-and-tumble between Frances Day and Iris March. There is an amusing little ballet in which Policewoman Douglas Byng pursues a pair of lovers round a living statue of Pan—a Frances Day & Hunter affair, as you might say, with appropriate music by chief-composer Michael North. Lord Trenchard's new-style policemen are a suitable target for a Herbert Farjeon lyric of choice quality; and the old material still functions with enough gusto to lure the daylight-savers from road-hice to box-office. A very good show.

TRINCULO.

In the second edition of "How D'You Do?", "Blue-Blooded Bill," the most popular member of the cast, wears a nice new ermine-decorated cape, and is supported by Frances Day and Edward Cooper

BY P. BELLEW

"Hang it all, Throckmorton, this is hardly Cricket!"

Delirious Dialogues: No. 22. Lord Passfield and Sir Harry Preston

(Depicted by Bovey)

Lord P. *(puzzled)*: *What is "the old and bold," Sir Harry?*

Sir H.: *Nectar for the gods. Old Brandy. Do have some.*

Lord P. *(shuddering)*: *Since you're so pressing, perhaps a little barley-water. . . . Do you know why you always remind me of summer-time?*

Sir H.: *I'll fall for it.*

Lord P.: *Because you are the shortest knight!*

Sir H.: *Ha, ha! Now, can I induce you to come to a fight with me, dear old sport?*

Lord P.: *An election fight?*

Sir H.: *Aren't you tired of that? It's nine years since you were at the Board of Trade.*

Lord P.: *Yes: from the very start I was bored with it.*

Sir H.: *I mean a boxing match. I'm sure you'd enjoy that.*

Lord P.: *Oh, I don't think so: besides, Mrs. Webb might not like it.*

Sir H.: *Sneak a night off from your home at Liphook and come and see a lip—I mean a left hook.*

Lord P.: *But I don't like late nights. I adopt a recumbent position and go to sleep at ten-fifteen.*

Sir H.: *Our heavyweights do the same about an hour later. Think it over.*

Lord P.: *Yes, yes, I will. Perhaps I might induce Lady Pass—I mean, Mrs. Webb, to . . .*

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

PATRIOTS though we are (and no one wags a prettier flag than ourselves), our patriotism falls short in one department: we do not fancy the notion of British wine; never have. When it was reported to us that a vintner Islington way had capped his window display with the legend: "All wine in this window guaranteed to be made in Britain of entirely British materials," we momentarily took the knock. Some years ago a frisky native vintage appeared under the slogan: "Champagne's British Brother," while at this very moment, 9.23 on a Thursday, a tremendous popular success, if we read the advertisement aright, is being enjoyed by a tipple sub-titled "The British sparkling wine with French antecedents." We shall never care for these wines of the bulldog breed, any more than we can for Polish whisky. Call us fanciful if you will—when out bibbling we get a tremendous spiritual kick out of watching Adolphe the sommelier—ah, le bon Adolphe!—crooning over a basketed bottle of la veritable étoffe. This is, naturally, very affected and silly of us, but that 's the way we are—affected and silly. We shall do our best to grow out of the phase. One thing, though, will continue to bother us—the origin of those "British materials"; we don't remember seeing any grapes in this sceptred isle, except, of course, the crop on the giant vine at Hampton Court and the little, hard, green bunch that 's an annual event in our aunt's greenhouse at Leamington.

An impression by George Whitelaw of Cynthia Foley, who has been singing and dancing in the cabaret, "Dance Time at the May Fair." Miss Foley has gained most of her stage experience in the United States

Contessa Paul de Cartier

Who before her marriage was the well-known silent-film actress, Francesca Bertini. She is returning to the stage of one dimension, and is at present in Paris, where she is taking part in the making of the talking-film of Sardou's "Odette"

Swaebe

High-balls for High-brows

Left: Professor Julian Huxley, author and biologist, and Mr. Edgar Wolfe, presumably enjoying a cocktail at a party given recently at "The Front Parlour," the well-known rendezvous in Soho Square

WE never remember seeing so many foreigners in town. The interpreters at the bus-stops are looking wanner every day, what with the heat and trying to remember the plural of joujou, caillou, chou, hibou, pou, genou. Between Oxford Circus and Selfridge's yesterday, we caught snatches of French, German, Spanish, Italian, Polish (or Russian), and a rather glum language which we listed as Urdu. It was also our lot to receive the 7 p.m. boat-train at Victoria. With some difficulty, we extricated the lady of our heart from the mob of excited foreigners that poured from the train; she 'd got hooked up with the son of a French station-master who 'd travelled across without a word of English, to be met by some people he 'd never seen in his life, only the girl had promised to carry a rose, voilà. The platform, as it happened, was alive with girls carrying roses, but there wasn't much of a hold-up, as the new arrival looked so like the son of a French station-master who 'd travelled across without a word of English.

WE are never happier, surer of ourselves, than when meeting friends from the Continental train. The holiday over, they step nervously from the Pullman, a little timid on the threshold

of the Big City they haven't seen for six weeks. The thought of the office on Monday casts an impalpable shadow across them. They sigh as the base little francs get tangled up with the shillings in their purses. Smudges of soft French coal tarnish their sun-burn. They "haven't seen an English newspaper for weeks, my dear"; for all they know, Piccadilly Circus may have gone up like Krakatou and Lyons have taken the Monseigneur. Whereas we, calm, soigné, sophisticated, metropolitan, after taking a cocktail at that new bar in Jermyn Street that's "since their time," have motored coolly to the station; stand swinging our stick; order the porter to and fro with a carelessness that implies we and he understand each other and are taking pity on these sun-peeled hobbledehoys who are in such a flutter about what is plainly *nothing*. London is ours, and they have still to rediscover it.

WE hymn the World's Petroleum Congress; we hymn its opening reception in the Science Museum—and Mr. Richard Arbib, Press manager of the Gramophone Company, who put out such a swell story about it! Oil experts from all over the world were gathered at the reception and 37,000 musicians played to them, thus making the sackbut-and-psaltery orgies of Belshazzar look like a village band rehearsal. Music—and here's the catch!—was all from discs loaned from the H.M.V. archives at Hayes. It included specimens from twenty countries: queer music of African tribes in which whole villages of natives all played at once; records of the "zalka," a harp played with the toes (now you try, Sidonie Goossens!), and of the "vena," a harp with an octave of sixty-four notes ("compared," as Herr Arbib educationally points out, "with our own of eight"); Indian records of flutes played with the nose; records from the Amazon made of the teeth of wild animals mounted in clay and struck with a flint; and, rather dull, we thought, "representative airs of European countries played by national orchestras." No report is to hand as to the way in which the delegates received this improving survey; what were their thoughts as vena followed zalka in the mad whirl? Did they sit there discussing gushers, densities, and ignition-points against a background of nose-flutes? Or did their thoughts stray enviously to the World Economic boys down the road at the Geological, where the drinks are so good, an octave might have 164 notes and no one would care?

IN these "Buy British" days, says Mr. Eric Maschwitz, new Variety Director of the B.B.C., it's awkward to have an exotic name; people keep writing in to ask why the *British* Broadcasting Corporation employs a so-and-so foreigner. He is tired of explaining that his grandfather was a Pole, that's how he got his name. Last week, he tells us, he received an unsigned letter, post-marked from Scotland: "Dear Sir—Perhaps you can tell me—*you* ought to know—why the B.B.C. has appointed a Viennese Jew to take charge of its vaudeville? I would sign this letter, but I live among the Jews and am afraid." Maschwitz is worried; says maybe he ought to change his name to MacPherson, so's people will take him for a Brahmin priest.

"Race you to the bridge, Serg.!"

NERVES are taut in the Adelphi these days; the population of the eighteenth-century hamlet back of the Tivoli is fretting over

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 3.—Mr. Ely Culbertson

WHEN Mother and Father, Aunt Bessie and I
Sit down to play contract at night,
We never protest that the shape and the size
Of the cards that we use are not right.
We don't turn up plate and complain of the heat
Or say that the lighting is rank,
But we yet may acquire Mr. Culbertson's flair
For showmanship (alias Swank).

Oh, reely, Mr. Ely!
You must admit that you're
A right-down, thorough caution
And not half a proper cure.
Though, reely, Mr. Ely,
Your bridge means nix to me,
I don't half envy you your skill—
For making £.s.d.

When I or Aunt Bessie, my Father or Ma,
Play a hand that ends up in a mess,
We aren't asked to broadcast the reason we failed
Or excuse all our faults in the Press.
We do not write books that make thousands a year,
Though our "Pons Asinorum" we've planned,
But we get far more fun than E. Culbertson does
Reading fortunes in every hand.

Yes, reely, Mr. Ely,
You are a scream, for sure.
You must remember contract is
A game and nothing more.
But, reely, Mr. Ely,
Spade, Diamond, Heart and Club
Have got too great a grip on you—
Aye, Cully, there's the "rub"!

B. W.

Right: Alanova Glynn, a beautiful young dancer who is appearing in Charlot's Revue, "How Do You Do?" at the Comedy Theatre, which has lately issued a second edition

Alanova Glynn

the Adelphi Bill that threatens to demolish the quarter. Threats are nothing new to the Adelphians; rumours of demolition have been current for years; leases have gone unrenewed; men with theodolites have done weird tricks with string. The present menace, though, is regarded as being the most serious to date; concierges in shirt sleeves discuss it every evening beneath the Adam fanlights. Fortunately, the Adelphi has many supporters, who are just as mad about the Bill as they were over the Carlton House Terrace business. They've advanced every conceivable argument against demolition—literary, historical, æsthetic, and sentimental—except one. The missing argument is all our own: we thought it up the other evening while the band was murdering both "Poet and Peasant" in the Embankment Gardens.

"——and remember, to-night you're Dare-Devil Dan and not Dick Whittington"

It seems to us the perfect argument—slightly snobbish and tremulous with the "human touch." If a barbarian hand razes the Adelphi, the following persons (among others) will be homeless, practically on the street: Basil Dean, Val Gielgud, Martin Secker, Margaret Rawlings, W. P. Lipscomb, Ronald Squire, Hermione Gingold, Edmund Gwenn, Sir James Barrie, Henry Bunn, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Pheasant, sixty black cats, five black and white cats, two ginger cats, all the members of the Savage Club, and ourselves.

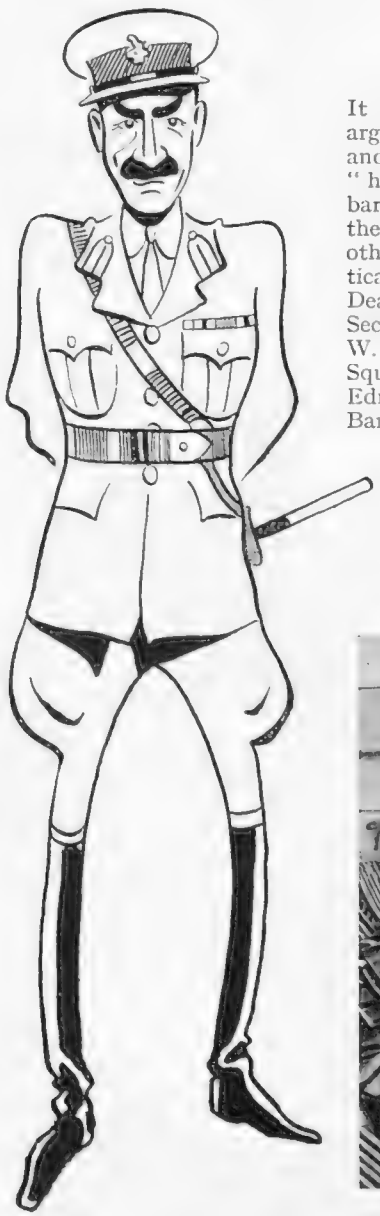
THE departure of the inaugural procession of the Advertising Exhibition found us out and about, snuffing the July air like retired circus-horses let out for the day. We are, in our small way, connoisseurs of processions, having seen most of the big turn-outs, including a torn but sweetly coloured film of the Delhi Durbar. Commercial ideals were nicely represented in Advertising's show—though the girls on the trucks got the biggest hand; salesmanship, market-research, and the rest were in the air, but the boys on the kerb seemed more interested in the one-piece bathing-suit of the Energen girl and the comeliness of the Gaumont-British Baby Stars ("who," brayed a loud-speaker, "were chosen for their beauty and their talent"). The Salvation Army had trotted out a lorry-load of assorted Orientals. Cherry Blossom sported a rather depressed-looking Gulliver towering over a display of tin soldiers. Daimler Hire had a lonely traveller huddled up in their car. The Sparling Cut tailor's van was marred, for us, by the presence of a ragged newsboy hanging on the back. Our own employers—may peace and plenty be their lot!—had borrowed a creaking station-fly from somewhere; stuck a card in each window, with *Sketch* and *Tatler* printed on it. After loping down from Fleet Street to the Embankment for a second stare we went home, satisfied that business was on the up-grade at last.

FINDING ourselves in the dentist's waiting-room, with no choice of reading but stale magazines and the Post Office Directory, we chose the latter; thought we'd plunge into the Trade Section in search of an alternative to this sordid business of writing. Should we become bowling-green makers, chimney-shaft climbers, funeral feathermen, rhinologists, soot blowers, nut blanchers, carpet planners, tripe dressers, toe-puff manufacturers, barrow lenders, Fêtes and Rejoicings (Contractors for), black borderers, stair treaders, case hardeners, retort makers, or secret springers? We didn't even worry when the harsh dentist drilled us; were too happy trying to decide in our own minds whether to become "case hardeners" or "secret springers."

FAME is a tiresome business. Take the case of Mr. Jack Payne, jazzkapellmeister, who, to avoid publicity, has had to spend the summer at an Italian hotel under the pseudonym of "Mr. J. W. Payne." The trick worked. No one knew who he was. No one came and asked him if he'd mind playing "Stormy Weather."

A FRENCHMAN has invented a writing system which he calls the Triplex Phonetic Alphabet. One of the advantages of this is said to be that, by enabling them to write three times more quickly than when using the old-style alphabet, it will give all schoolchildren an extra hour's leisure a day. We advise schoolchildren not to get too excited about this; don't mind betting there'll be another crank along soon with plans for occupying the extra hour with some sensible, scientific pastime, such as filling up questionnaires or going round telling the poor how to organise their lives.

THE BYSTANDERS.



Aldershot Personalities—

No. 5

Brigadier Bulloch-Marsham, Cavalry Brigade

The fourth of the twenty "Bystander" cruise photographs in which a passenger is "spotted" and gets a lucky guinea when he "spots" himself and writes in, giving name and address. Among those playing deck games on board the Red Star liner Lapland, the one provided with the halo is the lucky one

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The Decline of the Amateur Player

ALREADY it is August, and cricketing days decline; shadows from the elms creep perceptibly earlier towards that little mown square on the village green. I have had this unwelcome fact thrust upon me, for it is my habit on summer evenings to sit outside the "Bat and Ball," smoking a valedictory pipe.

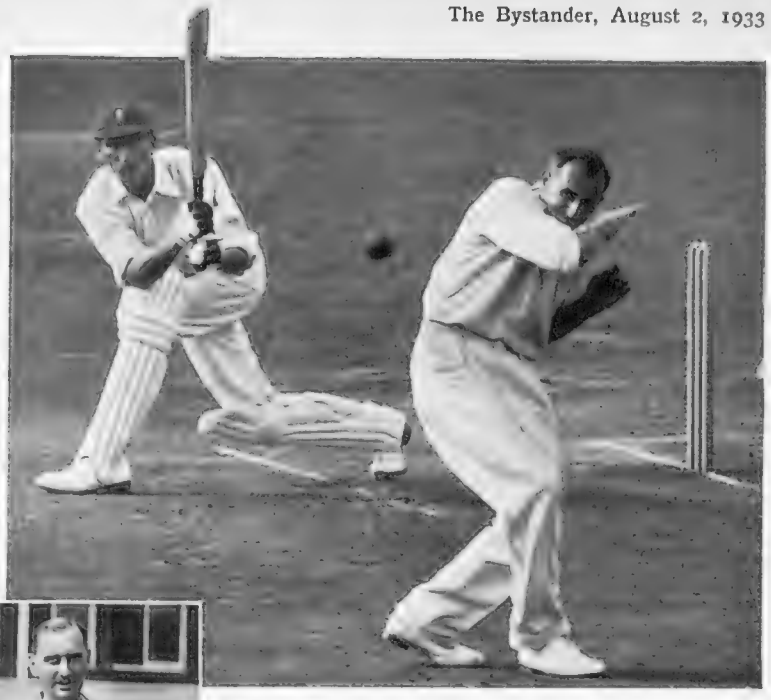
My friends at the "Bat and Ball" talk quietly and slowly, and they talk mainly of cricket, for the village has traditions. There is one of them in particular—he allows me to call him George—whose passion for the game is prodigious. George is not content with hearsay; he reads every word written by the experts, and quotes Fry and Maclaren and Nyren in thunderous reproof to heretics and unbelievers.

The other evening George opened the attack by remarking, "Ah!" with significant emphasis. We waited, and he went on: "They 've been at it properly, Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Neville Cardus have." Here he paused before proceeding to applaud the goings-on of these eminent critics.

He was right, moreover, for I looked up the articles of which he spoke, and found Mr. Bosanquet maintaining that not one of the team which represented the Gentlemen at Lord's this summer would have been selected for the corresponding match thirty years ago. Mr. Cardus was even more sweeping: reports, he declared, came in from all sides of "enfeebled play, purposeless batting, drift and decay, lack of skill and character," and, said Mr. Cardus, "the great grounds will be quite empty in a year or two."

M.C.C. v. De Flamingos

G. E. V. Crutchley and Sqdn.-Leader A. J. Holmes going out to open the innings for the M.C.C. at Lord's against De Flamingos



That's a "Shell"—that Was!

D. R. Jardine, who made 59, playing for the Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's, nearly puts one of the short legs out of action when hitting a ball hard to the boundary. It was a great innings. The match was won by the Players by ten wickets

I THINK, though, that room would have to be found in most amateur sides for D. R. Jardine, who played a truly great innings of 59 against the Players a fortnight ago.

That innings has become a matter of history now, but I cannot refrain from recalling it to you. It was divided into two periods: the first, grimly defensive against the accurate spin bowling of Verity and Townsend on an eccentric Lord's wicket; the second, superbly aggressive and masterful, a triumph of technique and temperament. Both periods were admirable, for Jardine came in at a time when extreme caution was essential, and proceeded to change the whole run of the game. What is more, he produced strokes, square-cuts, wristy pulls, off-drives, which for some years he has rigidly subordinated to his policy of ultra-modern safety. If Jardine would always bat as he did then, he would set an invaluable example of enterprise and flexibility.

THERE 's pessimism for you, but pessimism so forcibly expressed serves a useful purpose. It stirs us from complacency, and it sent me back to my Wisden. There, in the 1908 volume, the first thing I saw was an official statement made by A. C. Maclaren during the match between Lancashire and Middlesex to the effect that: "Owing to the pitch having been deliberately torn up by the public, I, as captain of the Lancashire eleven, cannot see my way to continue the game, the groundsman bearing me out that the wicket could not be put right again." This, mind you, at Lord's, of all places; Mr. Cardus, I am sure, would have appreciated so thoroughgoing a display of character.

THEN to the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1907, and we note that Tom Hayward made 146 not out in 5½ hours for the Players, batting right through the innings, gathering his runs out of the 260 hit from the bat, and being criticised for scoring so slowly! And the names which went to make up representative amateur teams in those days—Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, G. L. Jessop, Walter Brearley, A. O. Jones, J. W. H. T. Douglas, P. F. Warner, K. L. Hutchings, R. H. Spooner, the Fosters, P. Perrin, A. C. Maclaren, J. N. Crawford, G. G. Napier, G. H. Simpson-Hayward—the list is much longer than that, and it makes me believe that Mr. Bosanquet was nearly right.

HAVING praised Jardine and applauded Marriott's very excellent bowling, can we declare that the remaining amateurs came anywhere near the pre-war vintage? We cannot. I am afraid that, on the whole, we must admit that they were a poor lot. M. J. Turnbull, it is true, batted extremely well in the second innings, using his feet courageously, and mixing caution judiciously with aggression, but the rest of the batting was indifferent. Do the selectors still believe that C. F. Walters should open the England innings? What has happened to the Nawab of Pataudi, who usually rises to the big occasion? Where is Farnes' fire and pace from the pitch? Difficult and disturbing questions these, and unless there is an amateur revival we shall all begin to feel like the taxi-driver who put me down at Lord's with the remark, "I don't envy you, going in there—I like to see cricket when there 's some chance of a close finish."

BUT there—let us at least end cheerfully. This week the schools appear at Lord's—Cheltenham and Haileybury, Clifton and Tonbridge, Rugby and Marlborough, and after that the Lord's Schools *v.* the Rest, and the Army *v.* the Public Schools. Here we shall have an opportunity of seeing whether the younger generation are shaping properly, or whether, as some of us fear, they too are bemused by the safety-first fetish. Let us hope for the best, though, and by that I mean the left foot going to the pitch of the ball, the drive past mid-off and through the covers, the swift footwork against the spin-bowlers—the arts, in fact, which give to batsmanship its charm and its virility.

Chasing the Ball at Brockenhurst

Figures in Evidence at the New Forest Lawn-Tennis Tournament

1. Miss Dauntesey to be observed knitting a brow and Miss V. Dauntesey knitting a garment

2. Mrs. Tom Downman, Mrs. Foley and Miss Mary Irwin outside the tent where orders are issued

3. Rear-Admiral Peter Hill seen with Miss Haig. Two interested spectators

4. Mr. E. M. D. Vanderspar and Miss Yeates, beaten in the second round

5. Miss S. Back and Miss E. W. A. Rudd; the latter was beaten by Miss Dearman, the holder

6. Miss Betty Morant, Mrs. Peter Watson and also Mr. John Morant

The King's Messenger and the King's Fourth Queen

Thomas Peynell (John Loder) and Anne of Cleves (Elsa Lanchester)

Elsa Lanchester, Charles Laughton's wife, plays the part of Anne of Cleves, who in the film falls in love with Thomas Peynell (John Loder), the King's Messenger, who escorts her to London. On the right is Katheryn Howard (Binnie Barnes), the King's fifth Queen and last love, for whom he divorces Anne of Cleves, but who very soon deceives him with one of his young courtiers, and so at last makes him realise that he is an old man

Right:
Katheryn Howard, the King's Fifth Queen (Binnie Barnes)

"In Sweet Music is such Art"

If this superb photograph of Henry VIII., as portrayed by Charles Laughton, is a true indication, his part in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." is one of Laughton's greatest bits of characterisation. The film begins with the death of Anne Boleyn, tells the story of Jane Seymour and the birth of her son, Edward VI., and of Henry's romance with and disillusion by Katheryn Howard, and shows him at the end, an old and lonely man, with his last wife, Katherine Parr, who survived him

Below:

Thomas Cromwell (Franklin Dyall)

Thomas Cromwell, Wolsey's successor as councillor to the King, is one of the great figures of the early sixteenth century who pass across the screen in the film. Franklin Dyall plays the part of the wise adviser and astute politician, never loved by England, but "truly a worthy friend"

The King: Charles Laughton as Henry VIII.

"The Private Life of Henry VIII."

"Think ye see the very Persons of our noble Story as they were Living"

"THE Private Life of Henry VIII.," made by London Film Productions, and shortly to be shown at a West End theatre, is the most ambitious English historical film yet undertaken. The cast is a brilliant one, and, directed by Alexander Korda, and photographed by Georges Perinal, of "Sous Les Toits de Paris" and "Le Million" fame, the film is certain to be technically of a high standard. The costumes have been designed by John Armstrong, the well-known artist; Captain Knight, the famous bird-photographer, is responsible for the hawking sequences; while Henry VIII.'s own music and lyrics have been introduced into the film

Photographs by Tunbridge

"A Man in much Esteem with the King"

North Meets South

The Younger Set from both Sides of the Tweed

Left:
The Lady Maureen Noel

Miss Elspeth Grant

A new portrait of Miss Elspeth Grant, the second of the present Sir Arthur Grant's four sisters. Her father died two years ago; her brother, who is in the Grenadiers, owns Monymusk, in Aberdeenshire

Left:
Miss Henrietta Cadogan

Left: the Hon. Rosemary Balfour is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, and is twenty-three this year. Her parents have a house in Edinburgh: her father is a K.C. and practises at the Scottish Bar, and is a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers. Her elder sister is now the Hon. Mrs. Scott Plummer

Above:
The Hon. RosemaryBalfour

Top, left: Lady Maureen Noel is the present Earl of Gainsborough's only sister, and is sixteen this year, six years older than her brother, who succeeded when he was only four. Although she is such a young sub-deb., her mother, the Countess of Gainsborough, has been entertaining for her quite a lot this season

Left, centre: Miss Henrietta Cadogan is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Commander Francis Cadogan and Mrs. Cadogan, formerly Mrs. Gardner Bazley. Miss Henrietta Cadogan's half-brother, Sir Thomas Bazley, owns Hatherop Castle, Glos., which the late King Edward considered buying before he bought Sandringham

Left:
Miss Myra Drummond

Miss Myra Drummond is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Drummond, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Drummond. Her father, who is a half-brother of the Earl of Perth, was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria. She has a brother in the Seaforths, and a younger sister

Photographs by Bassano and Claude Harris

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

for the Younger Generation

Specially Compiled for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

Lenare

Summer Fashions for Smart Young People

PRISCILLA, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sydney Russell Cooke, has a twin brother, Simon. She has chosen from the White House a green linen dress which ties in a bow on either shoulder

Olga Barrett

JOHN JULIAN DUFF COOPER, the four-year-old son of Lady Diana and Mr. Duff Cooper, has his fair hair cut in a straight fringe across his forehead. He is lucky enough to have inherited his mother's lovely colouring

For Garden Parties and the Beach

PLAIDS are very smart just now, and this small person has chosen an attractive plaid dress with pleated frills on the shoulders and a zig-zag edging. Debenhams

FLOWERED materials are always charming for tiny people, and this dress of flowered organdie has a gathered frill around the hem, sleeves and neck. From Debenhams

FOR a very small sister an embroidered muslin dress with a ribbon sash run in and out of slots in the bodice and tied in a bow at the back is a good choice. Debenhams

GREEN linen with drawn thread embroidery and white appliqués makes this smart beach or garden suit for the young man of two or more summers. Harvey Nichols

AN up-to-date sun-suit for the older sister is carried out in white and coloured linen. A short coat of the coloured linen accompanies the backless dress. Harvey Nichols

Smart Clothes for Future "Lovelies"

A ONE-YEAR-OLD wears a pretty dress of white muslin hand-smocked in blue and a pale blue organdie sun-bonnet. Both this and the dress come from Robinson and Cleaver

THE photograph above shows an unusual dress of red linen with a zig-zag edge worn over a red and white spotted blouse. From Marshall and Snelgrove. Posed by Miss Julia Keigwin

THE curly-headed baby on the right is wearing a party dress of be-frilled white organdie which is also trimmed with a series of tiny pale blue bows. From Harvey Nichols

Photos: Lenare

Music and all That . . .

Forbidding the Bands!

By "Melos"

IT is the season of bands on piers, bands on esplanades, bands in parks. I have been, within the last few days, on piers, on esplanades, and in parks, not in order to listen to bands, but playing the incidental rôle of a child among 'em taking notes, as well as listening to notes.

For the most part the standard of performance is fairly high and the standard of selection very low. It is assumed that any sort of nonsense is good enough to play to a basking public. But the musical intelligence of the public, on or off holiday, is much more acute than is officially supposed, and, thanks to the B.B.C. (though that musical directorate is not above criticism), its taste is much above the taste of a generation ago.

Yet the type of music served out to them has hardly changed.

THIS is not a plea for austerity or anything savouring of the precious. Programmes exclusively consisting of classical music are not desired either by those who pay a "bob" to sit in an enclosure or by those who can listen equally well outside it for nothing.

Besides, a certain proportion of what may be called the band-stand public read or knit or do cross-word puzzles, and how it is possible to do these things and to listen to any sort of music at the same time I simply cannot comprehend.

Why do these people pay sixpence or a shilling for a chair near a band-stand when they can get one for twopence elsewhere? The answer, I suppose, is that music has some soothing (or exhilarating) effect on them whatever it is, even when they don't listen to it. I know of kitchens where the wireless goes on almost unceasingly to an accompaniment of sizzling meat and dish-washing and the chatter of servants.

THIS point might be seized on as sufficient excuse for the feeble and haphazard programmes our bands churn out. But it is not, since listeners of this type—if they can be called listeners at all—are in the minority. The remainder require and deserve something much better than they are now getting.

The overtures to *William Tell* or *Zampa* are included as the "serious" parts of the recipe, and these are not even good of their type. In addition—and this is from personal experience—one finds selections from Victorian and Edwardian musical comedies. There are pretty enough tunes in *San Toy* and *The Geisha*; but these have served their purpose and should be given honourable retirement. Sullivan is represented by the more hackneyed portions of the comic operas and by "The Lost Chord" as a cornet solo.

Modern light music is heard, for the most part, only in the form of pot-pourris from out-of-date scores or of the execrable stuff beloved by the American "crooner." Seven times in two days did I hear—as a cornet or saxophone solo—that dreadful ditty which concludes—

Is it a crime that I 'm guilty,
Guilty of loving yew-hew?

IT is not for me to suggest what our bands should play, though I do throw out the hint that much classical music is pleasant and jolly. It is always free from the slimy and depressing sentimentality of the "blues."

Handel's "Water Music," for instance, has much more of the holiday spirit about it than anything from or about Dixie and Tennessee; and Dvorak's *Carneval* overture really does live up to its name.

Even Wagner does not terrify the holiday crowds. On Brighton Pier last week I found excerpts from *Tannhäuser* being rapturously applauded. Part of this tribute was, of course, to the band of the Royal Horse Guards, who were playing extremely well.

DR. SYDNEY NICHOLSON is to be congratulated on the success of the Festival of Church Music at the Crystal Palace. The heat was intense, and many of the thousands of white-robed choir-boys wilted and kept the ambulance people busy.

But, musically, the effect was very fine indeed, and proved yet again that ecclesiastical music is finer in England than anywhere in the world. Compare the tone of the boys in an English cathedral with that of the boys in an Italian, French, or Spanish one, and you will feel a glow of patriotic pride.

The way these choirs, 4000 voices in all, sang the anthems and services of Parry, Stanford, Wesley, and others was perfection itself. Dr. Nicholson, who resigned his post of organist at Westminster Abbey to devote himself to running St. Nicholas's College for Church Music, proved himself a conductor who knows how to deal with huge masses of people.

Why should not this Festival occur regularly and replace the now-defunct Handel Festivals?

The Return of the Wanderer

Benno Moiseiwitsch and his wife, a photograph taken at Shanghai, which he visited last May. After having been away for many months and playing in all quarters of the globe, the famous pianist has just returned to England

Boris Moiseiwitsch, the son of the famous composer seen above, who follows in father's footsteps by displaying a liking for golf

HERE'S HEALTH

Ashore or Afloat

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

is the best Summer Beverage

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

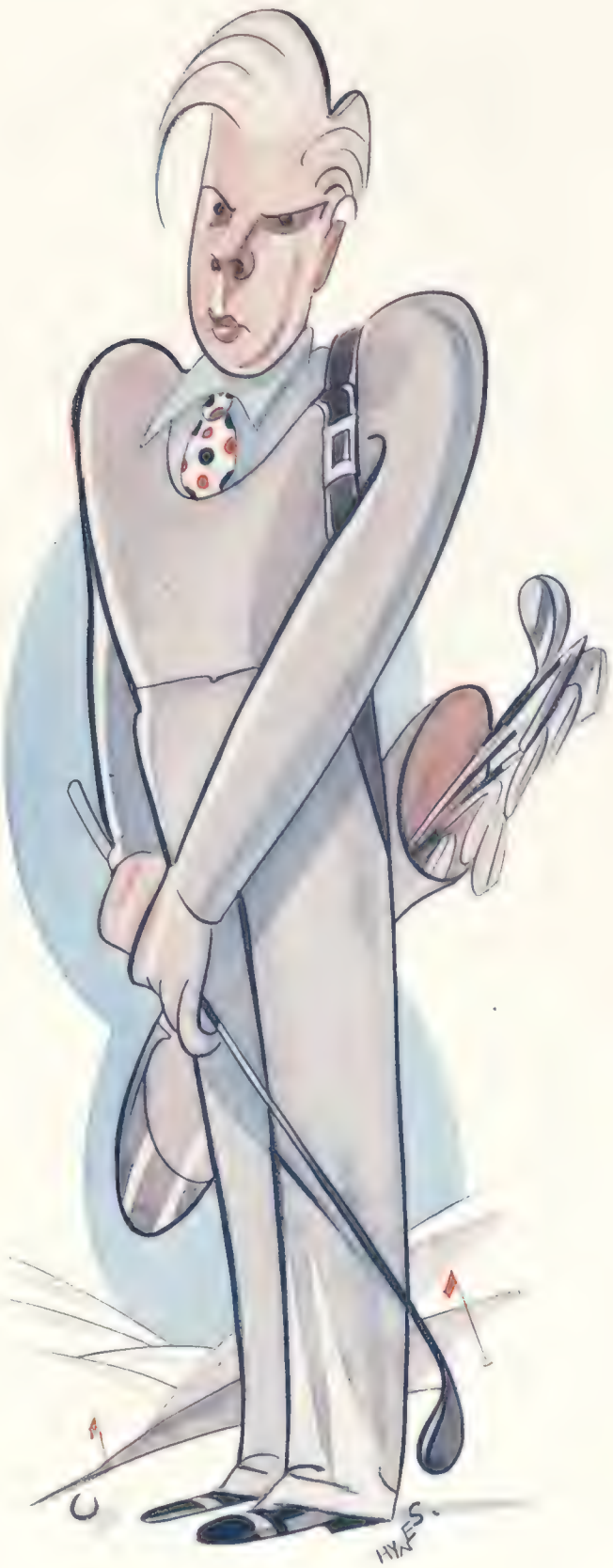
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 9.

Rex Hartley

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S favourite golf partner is one of the most generous opponents at the Royal and Ancient game that you can meet in a month of rounds, and his generosity often costs him money. With his long, almost orange-coloured blonde hair blowing over his forehead, Rex Hartley is perhaps our finest amateur medal-player, though as a match-player he does not always justify his handicap. He has won the "Golf Illustrated" Vase for the second time running, which has not been done for twenty-one years. But that is not match play, is it?

Although he reintroduced flannel trousers to golf and, by the constant wearing of them when a Cambridge undergraduate, helped to overthrow the reign of the plus four, Rex must not be thought of purely in terms of golf. He played Soccer for a whole season with the Corinthians. He kept a very pretty wicket for four years when he was at Westminster. He also won two Maundy pennies for drawing while he was there, as well as breaking a collar-bone.

TO-DAY Rex is production-manager and a director of the famous jam and marmalade factory which bears his family name. Because of his particular job (at which he works very much harder than people realise), August is his busiest month, when the raspberries, gooseberries, plums and apples are picked and boiled, or whatever is done to turn them into jam.

Yet, at heart, I believe Rex is a dance-orchestra conductor. He is a close friend of Carol Gibbons and, indeed, all the Savoy Orpheans. He plays the piano well enough to earn a place in a top-flight orchestra, and he is a second-flight saxophonist, too. On top of that he can write very agreeable lyrics, and is one of the best amateur dancers in the country.

His very attractive wife carries the most unattractive name of Muggins. He is a brother of Lister Hartley. He has a wireless under the dashboard of his new motor-car. He has the long upper lip of the actor. What a pity he does not putt better!

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Recollections and a Collection

By A. G. Macdonell

THE old Giant has turned over in his sleep—his too-long sleep—and has written down sixty pages of reasons why he loves France (*Souvenirs of France*; Macmillan; 2s. 6d.). A new book by Kipling, even if it is only sixty pages, is almost as important an event as it was in the great years when the Three Soldiers were revealing to Britain for the first time that it possessed an Indian Empire, and the little boy astride Zam-Zammah, the gun, revealed something of what that Empire contained. And the old Giant has lost none of his incomparable vigour and power in his descriptions. His first souvenir of France was the Paris Exhibition of 1878, at the age of twelve, when his father was in charge of the Indian Section of Arts and Manufactures. Then there were visits from Frenchmen to Northern India, and then tourism in primitive motor-cars which taught him, "season after season, the immense and amazing beauty of France; the laborious thrift of her people, and a little of their hard philosophy; the excellence of her agriculture and the forethought and system of her forestry."

Mr. Kipling turns aside to praise the Conscription with its "splendour of sacrifice," and the intensive devotion of the Frenchman to his beloved soil, and, as he does so, the reader begins to notice the continuously implied sneers at Great Britain. The Englishman has no notion of that sacrifice; has no knowledge of agriculture; does not work hard; neglects his tools; is inveterately wasteful. Mr. Kipling contrasts French preparedness for the War with Britain's meanness and stinginess in only having an army of "80,000 men as well as some Field Artillery." My own recollection of that period of July, 1914, is that Britain had some ships as well, and that those odds and ends of sloops and gun-boats which we called the Grand Fleet were considerably readier for war on August 1st, 1914, than the French Army was on September 1st. But a strong case to prove that Britain was stingy can certainly be made out, if the trifling precaution be taken of ignoring the Navy.

Mr. Kipling is on firmer ground when he describes a little of his work on the Imperial War Graves Commission. For, probably to him more than any single man, the Empire owes the dignity and majesty of that long chain of cemeteries in France and Flanders.

Cannons of Hollywood

Mr. Bertram Thomas

Author of "Arabia Felix" and "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia," from whose pen a new book is expected shortly. Mr. Thomas has spent fifteen years in political service in the Middle East and was, until recently, the Prime Minister of the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman

TWO things emerge very clearly from Mr. Francis Brett Young's book of collected short stories (*The Cage Bird*; Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), and they are his complete and easy mastery of the technique of short-story writing; and, secondly, the extraordinary versatility with which he moves from continent to continent, from scene to scene, from emotion to emotion, from class to class.

A Yorkshire Novelist

Storm Jameson, the well-known author, with her husband, Guy Chapman, in the garden of their home at Whitby, which is Miss Jameson's native town

In one story he describes the horrors of a Boer prison in the Orange Free State in the 'sixties, and how the only white convict escapes across the mountains and gets clear away; in another, an ex-butler, once suave and prosperous, sinks lower and lower into the degradation of dirty East-End lodging-houses and pawn-shops, and drink and interminable betting-slips. In a third, an American millionaire, whose name is Ludlow Walcot, proprietor of a patent medicine, has a dream that is reminiscent of Kipling's "Brushwood Boy," and finds happiness and a lovely wife in the ancient, tumbling Elizabethan house called "Walcot," near Ludlow, Eng. Mr. Brett Young moves easily and certainly from one to the other. The only one that does not ring very true is the one called *Glamour*. I have often heard that American ladies are apt to ride roughshod over their husbands, but I feel it difficult to believe that one would go so far as to cable from Naples to fetch her fiancé over from America and marry him in the American Consulate, simply because, otherwise, she had not got enough money to go back to Cairo to sleep in a tent with a rascally Egyptian dragoman. That seems to be going a bit too far. The best story in the book is *A Busman's Holiday* in which a doctor, on a fishing holiday, finds an old lady, an old family friend, in a vast, gaunt, dilapidated mansion, being slowly poisoned by her rascally butler, whom she had married. It is a most dramatic story. *The Cage Bird* is a book to read.

"BUCK'S BOOK" (by Herbert Buckmaster; Grayson; 15s.) reads almost like a bound volume of collected BYSTANDER articles. It is the reminiscences of a gentleman who obviously was a personal acquaintance of ninety per cent. of those persons whose glowing smiles, whose flowing skirts, whose trim jodhpurs, adorn and have adorned these pages so charmingly for so many years. Mr. Buckmaster is both pre-war and post-war. He, with many others like him, made a groove in the pavement outside the Gaiety stage-door that was a cause of serious worry to the L.C.C. When attacked by hooligans at the back of the Palace Theatre, he punched them all over the place. He walked into a bathroom, to find Marie Studholme having a bath. He lost all his money taking the odds, and decided to win it all back by laying the odds, and joined Ladbroke's, the world-famous "bookies." In fact, Mr. Buckmaster led a gay, full-blooded pre-war life. Then came the war, and after various enlistments and re-enlistments, Mr. Buckmaster joined that particular section of the Pioneer Battalions which was called the Royal Horse Guards.

They had some capital boxing; from time to time they rode to Le Touquet for lunch with the Duchess of Westminster (Constance); they had some greyhounds and some lurchers; they had some wild pig-hunting; and they had some leave. And, from time to time, they did some digging of communication-trenches. Extract from diary: "The Germans sent over seven shells while we were at dinner." Dear me! What a dreadful thing war is.

After the war, Mr. Buckmaster came back to the life of London—and again almost all the people he speaks of in his book have appeared in the pages of THE BYSTANDER. *Buck's Book* is an important contemporary document in the social history of our time.

FRANK TARBEAUX is as remote from my ordinary humdrum world of book-reading and article-writing as the Great Toad of Popocatapeth or the beard of the Grand Lama of Szechuan, Tibet. He was the first white boy ever born in Colorado; he was "on the Chisholm Trail" in Texas in '63; he knew the country of the West when wolves were as thick as sparrows on Main Street. He is a living character out of Bret Harte, a survivor of the days of hair-trigger revolvers and terrific poker games, when a man's life was ten times as cheap as a horse's, and the Indian tomahawk was lurking in every bush for the unwary.

But, alas! the story changes, and Mr. Tarbeaux left the wide open spaces and the cowboys and the Bad Lands, and came to civilisation. The change is most painfully for the worse. Mr. Tarbeaux's adventures reached a climax when he was attacked by the two dirtiest, most blackguardly, most expert rough-and-tumble fighters in all the English race-gangs. They went for him simultaneously with bottles and glasses. But they were taking on more than they understood about, for Mr. Tarbeaux so battered and kicked them and hammered them that they were dead within a year, and Mr. Tarbeaux went to jail for three years. A sordid end to the romantic beginning of the book.

Left: P. W. S. Bulman showing the desired bump necessary to cultivate before becoming a demonstrator in aerobatics

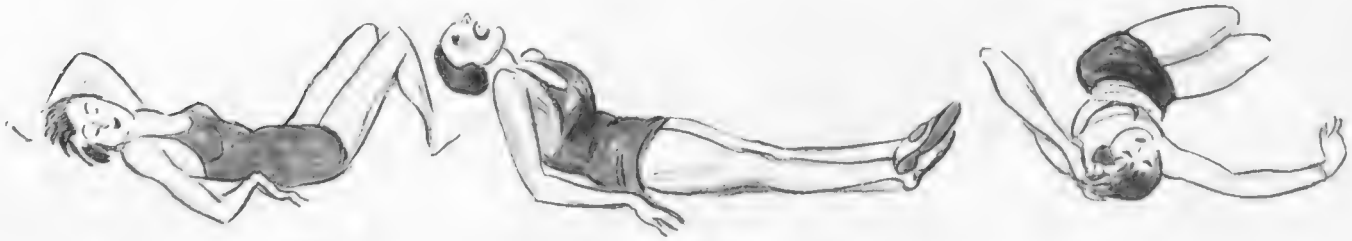
Launching of the Club's first machine by Mrs. R. Leckie's bow and—

—flown by R. E. G. Brittain, the founder of the Club

A. G. Lamplugh, producing the finest back seen in Hatfield for years, spent most of the afternoon in showing a small boy the multifarious sights

W. A. Hammerton and Pater had a trying time the night before in tracing the programme department

The responsive necks of Sir Harry Brittain, Air-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, the Marquess of Londonderry, Sir Frank Newnes, and Sir Gerald du Maurier watching a helluva drop by John Tranum in a parachute descent



The best place, undoubtedly, to see everything was the Club's bathing-pool

The Opening Display of the R.A.F. Reserve Flying Club

Captured by our terra-firma artist, H. H. Harris

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

It is perhaps rather late for me again to write about the Open Championship; but I make no excuse, for, after all, the Open Championship comes but once a year, and is the greatest event in the golfing calendar. Even the Americans have come to consider the British Open Championship as the best thing that a professional golfer of any country can win. They have come to this conclusion largely because, financially, it is more profitable to an American professional to win the British Open Championship than it is should he win the American Open Championship. Frankly, I can offer no explanation for this fact, which, to me, appears incomprehensible, but I have been told it not merely by one but by several of these American visiting professionals, and so I must accept their word for it. The actual financial value of winning an Open Championship, either British or American, is nothing like so great now as it was when Hagen won his first and second Championships. Nevertheless, it is still considerable, and can be equivalent in gains in a single year, for him who is sufficiently talented and fortunate to win, to the life earnings of certain of the smaller professionals.

There can be no doubt that in Densmore Shute the British Open Championship has found a winner well up to the standard which America has decreed should win the British Open Championship. I should not say that he was a brilliant golfer, but I use the adjective comparatively. He is, of course, capable of playing the most brilliant shots at times, but he is more impressive from the point of view that it is very difficult to imagine "Denny" Shute playing a really bad round. He seems to have no obvious weaknesses in his game anywhere, nor even any noticeable peculiarity in his method of playing any particular shot. He is a very fine wooden-club player and a very fine iron player, and, in spite of what happened in the Ryder Cup match at Southport recently, he is an excellent and steady putter.

As well as these mechanical qualities, it is quite obvious that he also possesses mental qualities of the highest. He was not the only American professional who attempted, during the Open Championship, to play what members of the Royal and Ancient will tell you is the correct St. Andrews shot to various of the holes, but he was the one who did it, first of them all, in the practice rounds, and who quickly arranged his plan of playing the Old Course so that he made use of these shots to the greatest effect. This is what one might describe as intelligent golf; but that is not the only mental quality which he possesses for the game, as it is quite obvious that he can fight, when he has to, with the best, in a close finish.

Actually, when the last round came to be played, Shute found himself with the last three holes to play in four, five, four to beat Craig Wood. The sixteenth hole was never kind to him during the Championship, for in the first round, when he was incredibly under fours, standing on this tee he pushed a drive just out of bounds and finished in 73 where something under seventy looked likely. On this occasion he made no mistake over the drive, but he was not quite up in two and he took three more to get down. That meant that he had to finish with a five at the dread Road Hole and a four at the Home Hole to tie with Wood, and against the wind the seventeenth is an absolute devil to play. But Shute never faltered. His play was as imperturbable as his expression. He got his five and he got his four, and there was no suggestion of a mistake about either. That meant that he had played the Old Course in scores of 73 for each of the four rounds, which really is a very remarkable performance in any circumstances, but especially when it is remembered that Shute might more easily than usual have been several strokes less in each of those four rounds.

On the following day he went out to play the tie, which he won comfortably with scores of 75 and 74, and it is worth remembering that his qualifying round on the Old Course was also a 75. If this is not steady play of the highest class, I am very nearly as bad a judge of golf as the average British professional no doubt thinks me after my articles of the last three weeks.

The Championship of 1933 was one of the closest, if not the closest, that has ever been contested. It is interesting to remember that at the end of the third round there were five players leading the field with totals of 216. These were Cotton, Diegel, Easterbrook, Kirkwood, and Mitchell. Two others were one stroke behind with totals of 217: these were Dudley and Craig Wood. Sarazen and Boyer were next with 218. Tolley, Hagen, Robertson, and Shute all totalled 219, and Boomer was only one stroke behind. All these had a perfectly obvious chance of winning the Championship if they could get away with a really fine round for the last. That means that the incredible number of fourteen players were well in the running with only one round to go. Actually, very few of these players distinguished themselves in that last fateful round. Shute did best with a 73, as I have described, which, in the circumstances, was good. Craig Wood and Sarazen both had 75's, and these were not so bad, particularly for Sarazen, as he had severe trouble at the Long Hole Home; but after that the scores returned were indifferent and in certain cases were over 80. It is true to say, in mitigation, that the wind was fresher during that afternoon round than it had been throughout the whole Championship, but, all the same, the scores should not have been so high, and it is interesting to note that not one of the five leaders of the field could get round in under 77. In certain cases, the strain was more than they could stand, and this is unfortunate from their point of view, in that the man who cannot stand the strain of the fourth round of a Championship will never win it.

Cyril Tolley and Jack McLean shared the honour of leading amateur with totals of 298, and their performances were excellent. Cyril Tolley fell away a little on the last day, but he had done magnificently on the first and second, and he was still, after the third round, well in the running to win outright. McLean, while never as brilliant as Tolley, played four excellently steady rounds.

It was a great Championship, with all the added atmosphere which comes when the Championship is disputed at St. Andrews.

Golf Secretaries at Play

Above, top: Captain H. W. Parker (Cuddington) and E. F. Furness (Banstead Downs). In circle: Major G. S. Cooper (East Sussex) and S. May (Ashford Manor), competitors in the Golf Secretaries Tournament at Cuddington. *Further pictures are on page 230*

Women's Golf:

By
Eleanor E. Helme

Of Handicaps and Holidays

Cheers for the Chaired

Miss Kathleen Garnham, after winning the French Golf Championship, the third Championship which she has won this year, was accorded an enthusiastic welcome home on her return to Walton-on-the-Naze, as will be seen above

Miss Egerton and Miss A. Lane, who returned scores of 68 net and 66 net at the open meeting held recently at Worsley

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I AM sure you will say that it is far too hot to think about handicaps, and that to discuss holidays before getting one is sheer tantalisation. Don't be a pessimist! I am not going to be deadly serious, with Rule I, sub-sections A, B, and C dissected and discussed over handicaps; and as for holidays, isn't half the fun and use of them thinking out beforehand exactly how heavenly it will be to do what you like, when you like; to picture the day when, instead of chimney-pots and typewriters, you will see the deep blue sea and the deeper bunkers, and when, in imagination, at least, you will be carrying those bunkers as easily as breathing, getting round in the seventies (gross), and thereafter lying on your back in that blue sea gazing up to an equally blue heaven and believing yourself to have arrived there?

HANDICAPS and holidays have more connection than appears at first sight. Not the cut-and-dried, duly certified, L.G.U. variety. Of course, if you go to a busy seaside club with open competitions at least once a week, you may have to produce your certificate and conform to all the regulations, exactly as if you were at home in London and going out to all the open meetings at—oh, well, let us be tactful and merely say "those clubs which you would not choose for a summer holiday."

But that is not my idea of holiday golf. Holiday golf, to my mind, is playing all sorts of people, men or schoolboys and girls and such-like, who may be quite destitute of L.G.U. handicaps, but who can give you as good a match as anybody else. What is one going to do against these? It is often rather difficult to arrive at the right allowance of strokes; bisques are an abomination. Personally, I would rather do as appears to be the fashion just now in those pleasant, not terribly fierce Ladies *v.* Men matches that are played here and there in the summer: give a few holes up, and then play level, either from the same tees—if neither tees nor man be too fierce—or else, if need be, taking as well such small help as L.G.U. tees offer. That is not always much; no doubt you know the famous club, not fifty miles from London, where they have three lots of tees—Men's, L.G.U., and Ladies'—and there have been occasions, when the tigers cease from troubling and the plus-men are at rest, on which the Men's have been found considerably in front of L.G.U.'s.

BUT these things are more or less conventional, even stereotyped. Have I ever told you of a mode of handicapping which I, personally, have found extremely good fun and really most instructive? It is called "Do It Again." Now, if the receiver of odds is a fairly good player, the "it" to be done again is one of her shots, of her own choosing, at any number of specified holes. In extreme cases, you may be conceding a "do it again" at all the eighteen. The receiver plunges a drive into a dismal bunker from the tee; she is quite certain that she can carry it at a second attempt, so she takes her "stroke" and tries again. Of course, she may waste the second attempt, as she has wasted the first, but with a little judicious care, particularly in keeping some spare strokes in reserve for the greens, it is wonderful the help such a handicap gives. We all know how easy the putt is to hole at the second attempt; here the receiver of odds has the chance to prove it so.

That is one form. But take another way of doing it. Let the receiver of odds have the right to say to her opponent: "Play that again," at so many shots of the round. Just think of the devastating position when you, giving, shall we say, half-a-dozen "do it agains," have put a superb but quite exceptional brassey shot to within two yards of the pin. The receiver, with a malignant grin upon her face, says: "Do it again." Are you going to repeat that unique masterpiece? I doubt it. Or you have holed a curly five-yard putt for the hole; if made to repeat that putt, are you quite sure it will find the bottom of the tin again? I query it. But think of the satisfaction if you did; the malignant grin would indeed be on the other face—a triumphant one into the bargain.

I HAVE just been thinking how this sort of thing would work if one were playing some of the leading lights of the golf world. I wonder whether Miss Wethered or Miss Wilson would not be so very apt to repeat their perfect shots, time and again, that the handicap would practically not exist; one would merely be giving them opportunity for practice and strength for their confidence. Against such as those I would choose rather to be allowed to repeat, in the hope of expiating my own bad shots, than ask them to repeat their magnificent ones in the hope that they would fail to reproduce them.

BUT there are others—I tread on ticklish ground, maybe—whose brilliancy is greater than their consistency, where the case would be altered. There would be some hope that she might not do it again, maybe, if one asked Mrs. Holm to repeat one of her famous holed chips, or Miss Garnham a brassey dead, or Miss Rieben a putt from one end of the green to the other. Yet I do not feel sure. What woman has done, woman can do.

But it is good fun for a holiday evening. Only I would suggest that you try it when the course is clear. By the time you have pondered whether to recall a shot or not, by the time the shot has been repeated, the couple behind may be reduced to a state of heat and language which I would rather not contemplate! Still, there are clear courses, and empty hours in the cool of the evening. Try my plan then.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

U.S.A. News: the Astaires' Honeymoon

Above: Fred Astaire and his bride, who was Mrs. Phyllis Livingston Potter, have gone off to Hollywood for the rest of their honeymoon. Fred Astaire is making his first talking picture while he's there. They flew over from Newark, N.J., and were photographed just before they started

Right: Lord and Lady Milford Haven on the balcony outside the Eden Roc pavilion. They are staying at the Eden Roc Hotel, and so are a good many other inmates of Mayfair at the moment

All Over the Map

What's Doing in Three Countries

Arthur Owen

Prelude to Cowes Week

Mrs. J. M. Pearson and Miss Sheila Potter coming ashore after competing in a race in the Lymington Yacht Club's recent regatta

Right: Miss E. Burrell, Sir Lawrence Philipps and Lady Chesham picnicking in a more or less cool and shady corner of Goodwood on the second day of the meeting

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary: By "Mark Over"

THE second Test Match at Old Trafford certainly produced some odd situations—England bowlers helpless against the West Indian batsmen, a vital catch in the slips dropped by Hammond, of all people, and then the body-line attack of Constantine and Martindale.

I detest the word "body-line," and I was glad to note that, with only two exceptions, the national newspapers referred not to body-line bowling, but to fast leg-theory.

WELL, the Manchester crowd had an opportunity to decide for themselves whether the Australian barrackers were justified last winter. To judge by their relative silence, I gathered that, on the whole, they preferred to wait a while before committing themselves, and there they showed their wisdom. The truth is that neither Constantine nor Martindale has either Larwood's speed or his control, and I could find nothing reprehensible in the West Indian leg-theory attack. Plum Warner was apparently upset about it, but Douglas Jardine was delighted to be able to show us how leg-theory can and should be played. When Jardine came back from Australia he told me that there was nothing he, personally, liked better than leg-theory bowling, fast, slow or medium, and at Old Trafford he proved that this was no idle boast. A great batsman, Jardine, and if only there were a few more like him the body-line bogey would very soon be laid.

G. P. Hughes, who played in the doubles for Great Britain v. U.S.A. at Auteuil, with H. Roper Barrett, our non-playing captain and old international. A busy solicitor thus spends his holiday in his country's cause and no better Captain could be found

MIND you, I realise that some of the soundest and most intelligent Australian critics are honestly anxious to have leg-theory barred from the game, and I 'm afraid that Jardine's book, published a day or two ago, will not help relations between Australia and England very much.

Still, maybe I 'm wrong: Jardine's belief, I know, is that it is far better to open an abscess than to allow it to spread poison throughout the body, and he has certainly produced an extremely interesting and complete book. I would advise you to read it, and if it does not convince you that Jardine's use of Larwood was perfectly justified, I shall be surprised.

Naturally, Jardine has some hard words to say about Australian crowds, and he suggests a method whereby barrackers might be subdued. His plan is that outside the ground notice-boards should state that play is not guaranteed, while inside more notice-boards should make it clear that whenever barracking becomes unduly

Left: J. E. Lovelock (Oxford University) out for practice previous to the meeting of Oxford and Cambridge v. Harvard and Yale. Lovelock won the mile with ease by 80 yards in 4 min. 12 3-5 sec., a meet record

J. E. Lovelock, the Oxford Flier

Major R. C. H. Sloane-Stanley, the Hon. Mrs. Rhys, and Mrs. Shedden

New Forest Spectators and Players

A spectator and a player. Olivia Countess Cairns and Miss White

A Tennis Dance at Frinton *Swaebe*

Messrs. Toby Barrett, H. W. Osborne (the coursing owner), W. Backland, A. C. Stedman, Glidden Osborne, Mrs. John Heagerty, and Mr. Heagerty at the back. Mrs. Philip Leggem, Miss Greta Collins, Miss Bunty Osborne, Mrs. Glidden Osborne, and Mrs. H. W. Backland, guests at the dance given during Tournament Week at the Frinton Lawn Tennis Club

riotous, play shall be suspended for half an hour. This might work, but there is one grave drawback to it. On occasions where crowds are violently partisan, an aptly timed exhibition of barracking might hold up play, and enable the home side to make a draw of a match which they would otherwise lose.

INCIDENTALLY, Jardine has an interesting chapter on his angling experiences, and this brings me to the remarkable performance of a clergyman in Norfolk who, in successive weeks recently, caught the record tench and the record rudd. The tench weighed 7 lb., the rudd 4½ lb.—prodigious fish both of them—and those who have sat patiently by some sheet of still, dark water waiting for the capricious tench will understand the significance of that seven-pounder. I've caught large rudd myself in the Norfolk Broads, and larger ones still in Slapton Ley, but this latest specimen must have been the grandfather of all rudd.

WHILE we are talking of this kind of sport, I am reminded that the glorious Twelfth is close upon us, and that soon the Grouse Mail will be leaving Euston, encumbered with gun-cases and cartridge magazines and dogs and tired men, making for Scotland and the moors. More dogs than ever, I expect, for big driving moors are at a discount in these hard times, and we are beginning to discover that, actually, shooting over dogs can give far more fun. That's how I feel about it, anyway, and it is good to know that the grouse prospects are reasonably promising: the open winter, good feed in the summer and spring, and a fine nesting period have helped greatly.

IT'S about time, too, that we had some encouraging news of the partridges, especially after the last two deplorable seasons. About now we begin to know pretty well how things are shaping, and, apart from storm damage in Hampshire, the reports are mainly hopeful.

NEXT to lawn tennis—by the time this appears it may be that Great Britain will have won the Davis Cup by beating a French team from which most of the old heroes have departed. In the meanwhile we must offer belated congratulations to the British players for their display against the Americans, and particularly to H. W. Austin, who clinched matters so valiantly by his victory over Allison. An old Wimbledon champion, who was in Paris for the match, told me that Austin seemed to him the reincarnation of H. L. Doherty: the accuracy, the smooth rhythm, the perfection of unforced technique—these were Doherty's secrets, and Austin reproduced them with masterly ease. But for the shorts and the peaked cap, it might have been Doherty playing again, and we can even forgive Austin his shorts after so great an achievement.

at the Brockenhurst Lawn Tennis Tournament

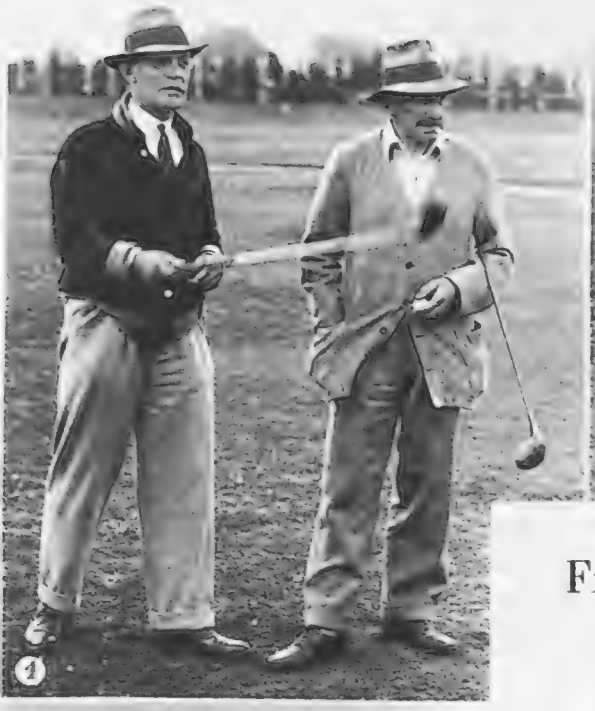
Mrs. J. H. Crawford, wife of the champion; W. Mauzutto, and Mrs. J. Forsyth

Mr. Norton Smith and Mrs. Norton Smith watch the play with interest

E. I. Davis, who ran second for the Oxford and Cambridge team in the hundred yards race, won by Calvin of Harvard by inches only in 9 4-5 secs., a time which equals meet records. During the meeting at Cambridge (Mass.), 5 records were broken by Oxford and Cambridge and two equalled

THERE was one incident which illustrated a point which has always perturbed me. The crowd disagreed with a linesman's decision against Great Britain when Lott and Van Ryn

(*Continued on page* iv)



Free from Official Cares

Golf Secretaries at Play

1. Comdr. R. H. D. Hicks, R.N. (West Byfleet), and Major Collis Browne (Royal Mid-Surrey). 2. Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O. (St. George's Hill), and Major D. G. Wild (Burhill). 3. A. V. P. Rowlands (Ipswich) and Captain J. Worrall (Felixstowe). 4. Major T. B. C. Piggott, M.C. (Manning's Heath), and Major Guy Bennett (Sandy Lodge)

5. Bernard Drew (Royal Cinque Ports) and Captain R. F. Wickham (Frilford Heath). 6. F. L. Blackford (Captain of the Club) presenting the Cup to the winner, J. Murray Browne (Frinton). 7. Comdr. F. B. Proudfoot, R.N. (Croham Hurst), and H. Curven (Wimbledon Common). 8. H. W. Bartlett (Heartsbourne Manor) and F. L. Rankin (representative of Booth's)

GOLF Secretaries had a day off at Cuddington when the Booth Challenge Cup and the scratch prize given by the Club were won by J. Murray Browne, and the foursomes were tied for by Captain R. F. Wickham with Commander Hugh Raymond and Major Collis Browne with Commander R. H. D. Hicks

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Gordon's Gin

IS BEST FOR YOU...

BECAUSE...

it is *NOT* subjected to wood contact by being kept in casks to secure a lower rate of duty and extra profit.

THEREFORE

its high medicinal values are not impaired and it is free from all colouring matter and sediment. There are no impurities to "come through" and spoil your cocktail or long drink.

A 'LANCET' REPORT IS ON EVERY BOTTLE

If you value your Health –

ORDER

Gordon's

– Doctors insist upon it

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, LONDON

Ocean Flights and the Air Mail

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Royal Air Force Reserve Flying Club took the air for the first time ten days ago. On the right, Mrs. Leckie, wife of Group Captain R. Leckie, D.S.O., Superintendent of the Reserve, is seen in the act of launching the Club's first machine; and below is a group of members, with Captain Reeve, Chief Instructor at Hatfield, second from the right

The Trans-Atlantic Season

THREE flights, each of considerable interest for quite different reasons, have been made across the Atlantic during the last month. General Balbo's leadership of the Italian squadron, now on its homeward journey, was magnificent, and no finer advertisement for Italy or the Italian Air Force could have been conceived. The flight is notable on the technical side for the success of the twin-hull flying-boat, a type which is peculiarly Italian and had not been regarded very favourably in other countries before this mass demonstration over a difficult route had taken place. At the time of going to press, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh are crossing the Atlantic, following roughly the same route as that taken by General Balbo. Colonel Lindbergh is Technical Adviser to Pan-American Airways, and his present flight is one of survey in preparation for an American trans-Atlantic service, which is planned to commence in three years' time. The amazing Wiley Post completed his solo flight round the top of the world in record time. His first stage of 3600 miles from New York to Berlin is also a record for the longest solo flight non-stop. No reflection is intended by pointing out that a flight round the world for record purposes should follow the Equator or traverse a distance equal to the longest way round. A pilot flying round the Arctic Circle must go round the world if he returns to his starting-point, but, of course, the distance decreases from a maximum at the Equator to zero at the Poles. Last, but not least, the gallant Mr. and Mrs. Mollison have put the Dragon on the map of the world as a result of their fine flight, under bad weather conditions, to America. The little Gypsy engines ran without a fault, and although such an engine is not intended for ocean flights, such demonstrations undoubtedly result in sales abroad and enhance the prestige of British equipment generally.

The Use of the Air Mail

PARTLY due to increased familiarity with air-mail procedure and also because of the publicity campaign undertaken by the Post Office, the use of the air mail is constantly increasing. During the second quarter of this year the increase over the corresponding quarter of last year was as much as 33 per cent. More than 10,000 pounds were carried to India alone, and the weight transported to European countries was approximately the same. Parcel mails exceed letter mails in weight by 7000 pounds and their total is an increase of 15 per cent. over last year. In 1682 the good ship Defence, of the East India Company, took 177 days to sail to Calcutta, taking, of course, the long sea-route round the Cape of Good Hope. To-day, it is possible to reach this great Indian business centre in seven days, the air mail leaving London every Saturday morning at a quarter to twelve, Calcutta being reached in the evening of the following Saturday. Services are timed so that a reply to a letter posted in London can be received in nineteen days, only three days longer than that taken for a single journey by the ocean mail.

At Recent Club Meetings

THE Air Display organised by the Cardiff Aeroplane Club, of which Captain Richardson Bailey is Chairman, was opened by Sir Philip Sassoon, who flew over from Hendon with an R.A.F. escort. The race to Cardiff was won by Captain A. J. Styran, flying Sir Derwent Hall Caine's Leopard Moth at an average speed of 137 miles an hour. The race for the Wakefield Cup for light aeroplanes of all nations was won by Wing-Commander Probyn, this race being one of the events at the two-day international meeting organised by the Cinque Ports Club. German, French, and Dutch machines took part, and the 25th Fighter Squadron of the R.A.F. from Hawkinge gave their usual polished display of aerobatics in formation. The R.A.F. Reserve Flying Club, the organisation of which has been largely in the hands of Flying-Officer R. E. G. Brittain, son of Sir Harry Brittain, came into being officially ten days ago. The Club has a Gipsy Moth and its headquarters at Hatfield, which aerodrome has rapidly become one of London's busiest flying-centres. The Stage and Screen Aero Club, another Hatfield tenant, is arranging, with the co-operation of the County Aero and Sporting Club, a gymkhana for Friday, September 29th, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. It sounds a marvellous idea to have the Theatrical Garden-Party, with all the fun of the fair, in conjunction with a flying party. Hatfield is the only aerodrome with a big swimming-pool, but it is not likely to retain this unique distinction very long, for rumour has it that several flying-clubs are raising funds in order to become similarly up to date An important move which has just been made public is that of the London Flying Club from Stag Lane to Hatfield, Air H.O. for Moths.

AUGUST, 1933

1st to 10th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Brighton Meeting.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Golf. Amateur Tournament, Blackpool.

2nd **Racing.** Brighton and Galway.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Shows. Military Tournament, Whitby.
Cricket. Rugby v. Marlboro'.
Lawn Tennis. Junior County Champs., Shrop. (Bridgnorth).
Swimming. Plain Diving Championships, Leeds.

3rd **Racing.** Brighton and Galway.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Shows. Royal Lancashire Agricultural, Salford.
Lawn Tennis. Junior County Championships, Staffordshire, (Wolverhampton).

4th **Racing.** Lewes, Thirsk and Tuam Meetings.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Cricket. Cheltenham v. Haileybury.
Motoring. Irish Grand Prix.

5th **Swimming.** Highgate D.C. Aquatic Carnival, Highgate.
Racing. Lewes, Thirsk, Chepstow and Leopardstown Mtgs.
Shows. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.
Cricket. Glamorgan v. West Indies, Swansea.
Regatta. Maidenhead.
Motoring. Irish Grand Prix.
Yachting. R.M.Y.C. Cowes-Poole Cruiser Race. R.S.M.Y.C. Tarbert Cruise.
Shows. Navy Weeks, Portsmouth, Chatham and Plymouth, August 5th:—12th.

7th BANK HOLIDAY.
Racing. Sandown Park, Chepstow, Birmingham, Ripon and Leopardstown Meetings. Newton Abbot Steeplechases.
Motoring. B.A.R.C. August Meeting, Brooklands.
Regatta. Henley Town.
Athletics. Hastings-Brighton Walk.
Yachting. R.M.Y.C. Regatta, Poole. Royal Albert Y.C., Southsea.
Bowls. Bournemouth Tournament. Hove Tournament.
Swimming. South London Inter-Club Gala v. Suffolk County, Oulton Broads.
Motor Cycling. A.C.U. Rally.

8th **Racing.** Birmingham and Ripon Meetings. Newton Abbot Steeplechases.
Shows. Dublin Horse Show.
Golf. Eden Amateur Tournament, St. Andrews.

9th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Haydock Park and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Swimming. Harwich, Dovercourt and Parkeston Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Quarter mile.
Cricket. The Army v. Public Schools, Lord's.
Bowls. Folkestone.
Yachting. Royal Victoria Y.C., Ryde. Beaumaris-Carnarvon.

10th **Racing.** Kempton Park and Haydock Park Meetings.
Shows. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. Tring Agricultural.
Swimming. Jersey S.C. 3rd Gala.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

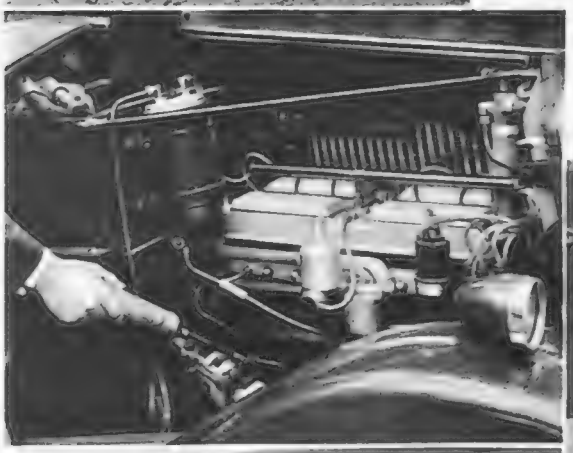
Above: like all Rileys, the "Six-Twelve" has particularly handsome lines. Indeed, for a small car, it would be hard to suggest anything more graceful and good-looking than this "Mentone" saloon model, one of several featured by the firm

Left: the doors are of comfortable width, making it easy to get in and out. A neat feature is the incorporation of a comfortable arm-rest in the door itself, as is seen in the photograph

Cars with a Personality

The Riley "Six-Twelve"

By The Earl of Cardigan



Left: the engine is thoroughly efficient. No space under the bonnet is wasted, the tool-kit being conveniently fitted in

Above: the back seat provides genuine comfort. Even with the front seats pushed well back, there is still ample space for back-seat passengers to stretch their legs

Left: the rear luggage trunk is both of useful size and also an asset, rather than otherwise, to the car's appearance. It is accessible both from inside and outside the body

To the keen motorist, who retains an appreciation for individuality, the Riley is a light car which is bound to commend itself. Whatever the model, it is good-looking; common-sense features are allied to attractive "lines," and a thoroughly sound road-performance is assured. In all these respects, the new "Six-Twelve" is fully able to justify one's expectations.

When I say, for instance, that this little car, in appearance, is well up to the traditional Riley standard, I am paying it a very real compliment. I do not know whether there was ever a period when the Riley Company turned out ugly or clumsy-looking models: certainly, within my recollection, no firm has been so consistent in achieving really graceful and harmonious styles of coachwork. Particularly has this been the case in regard to small "family" saloons.

It should be noted that the "Mentone" saloon, here illustrated, is, for all its attractive looks, an entirely practical four-seater. Four large people can sit in it, and all can have as much head- and leg-room as they need. The driving position is extremely comfortable.

Of the "Six-Twelve's" ability to acquit itself creditably on the open road, I soon found ample proof. One expects, of course, to find a small "six" both flexible and lively at low speeds. It is when travelling fast that one begins to look for defects, such as a tendency towards "fussiness." In the case of the Riley, however, I was not able at any speed to detect any sign of vibration or undue engine noise.

In third gear, a comfortable maximum of 40 m.p.h. was available, and in top gear of about 65 m.p.h. In neither case, be it noted, does this represent the absolute full-throttle speed which can be obtained if required. The Riley, in either gear, is capable of improving on the figures given to the extent of about 5 m.p.h. It is thus well able to hold its own in any company.

A very good and novel feature was also apparent on the relatively rare occasions when gear-changing was required. The new Riley gear-box incorporates four gears, each of which is engaged by means of helically cut teeth. The effect of this is that every gear is reasonably silent, and one does not have to change down, as in many boxes, from a dead-silent third into a second gear which, by comparison, seems harsh and raucous. Incidentally, although this gear-box does not profess to be entirely fool-proof, I found all gears admirably simple to manipulate.

With excellent brakes, light steering, and springing which reaches its greatest efficiency at medium and high speeds, the "Six-Twelve" Riley is indeed a car which invites confident driving. It has little of the "small car" feel about it; and thus, at £338, offers a combination of economy and handiness with a performance which is extremely satisfactory.

HENCEFORTH

Ethyl which has always been the Plus in "BP" Plus will be incorporated in the changed name

"BP" ETHYL

The Ethyl Fluid like all the Ethyl Fluid throughout the world, is supplied by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation • All Ethyl Fluid is exactly the same in quality and its value lies in its remarkable anti-knock properties.

THERE IS ONLY ONE ETHYL FLUID .... BUT DIVERS KINDS OF PETROL

THE PETROL IN "BP" ETHYL:

- It is first grade Petrol; this is guaranteed.
- It is famous for its volatility and starting qualities.
- It is blended to a formula and therefore cannot vary in quality either from place to place, or from time to time.
- It is entirely the product of British owned wells and refineries.

BUY BP ETHYL FOR ANTI-KNOCK

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

. . . "and although we are miles from anywhere in this delightful spot, there is a quaint little shop in the village where we can get our "Player's"

HERE THERE EVERYWHERE, IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES IT IS POSSIBLE TO BUY PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. THE VAST DEMAND WHICH MAKES THIS POSSIBLE ALSO GUARANTEES THEIR UNFAILING FRESHNESS

CARD BOX OF 50 FOR 2/5
20 " 11½
10 " 6d

NCC 183

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

The Doggy World

Summer Sense: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE have been a great many cases of heat-prostration and, in some cases, of death, amongst dogs in late years now that we seem to have spells of really hot weather during the summer. People complain a great deal about the heat, but they very often omit to do anything to make their dogs more comfortable. The inability of dogs to sweat through their skin, being only able to do so through their tongues, must make it much more difficult for them to get cool. It is important, during a hot spell, to change the drinking water constantly; not just morning and evening, but two or three times a day. I don't advise cooling it down with ice (as somebody suggested to me), because I think there is a chance of setting up inflammation. Stick as much to natural conditions as you can; a dog in a state of nature would have no opportunity of getting ice-cold water.

Let them have every opportunity of getting into a pond or lake if you have one handy, and they do so *of their own accord*, but never force a dog to go in. He is the best judge of what suits him. Be certain, if he is kept outside, that he has a shady place where he can take refuge; not just a hot kennel with the sun beating upon it, but a patch of real shade. If this is impossible, bring him into the house.

ALL exercise should be given either very early or late in the evening. If your dog is a breed that feels the heat badly, it is better to give only just enough exercise to enable him to perform his daily functions, then let him come back and get some quiet sleep before the real heat of the day begins. You should cut down his food somewhat; but cut out the starchy portion, giving hardly any biscuit. Cook the meat to avoid any suspicion of taint and, every day, shred up a portion of lettuce—raw, of course—and mix it with the meat. This latter course you will find has most excellent results.

If you should have a bitch who is nursing puppies, you may find that great heat has the effect of drying up her milk for a day or so. If this is the case, you must bottle-feed the puppies and give her Benger's Food and Lactol, in the meantime allowing her to rest.

Some people advocate clipping, or even shaving, a dog's coat in very hot weather, but I am very much against this proceeding. A dog's coat is as much a preventative against the heat as against the cold. The hair prevents the ultra-violet rays penetrating, which are the rays which burn, and if you shave your animal, he has no such protection and, in addition, the flies and other insects annoy and bite him.

"Lupez" winning the 25 yards hurdles race for Dandie Dinmonts at a sports meeting held at Bell Meads Kennels, Haslemere. Kennel-maids also competed in events

SOME dogs suffer dreadfully from the flies which cluster round their eyes in the hot weather, particularly when they are out of doors. Try Golden Eye Ointment in these cases. Smear it round the eyes, and you will find that it keeps the flies away. Incidentally, this is also an excellent tip for horses' eyes. You can buy it at any chemist's.

An occasional dose of salts (not a purgative) is recommended by some people to prevent the blood getting heated, but I think it is apt to start diarrhoea. Should he get summer diarrhoea, put the dog on to milk, being sure it is absolutely fresh.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

A DISCOVERY: TO MAKE HAIR LOVELY

A New Soapless Shampoo, Beneficial to the Scalp and Beautifying to All Shades and Types of Hair

THE importance of a thoroughly healthy scalp cannot be exaggerated: the gloss and beauty and thickness of the hair depends on this, its renewal and retention of colour and, in addition, many skin troubles have their origin in unhealthy conditions of the scalp.

That frequent shampooing is harmful, causing the hair to become dry and brittle or increasing a tendency to oiliness, is an exploded fallacy, always *provided* that the right shampoo is used. Certain saponaceous shampoo-powders, in which there is strong alkali, will assuredly have a deleterious effect. It is difficult to avoid a slight residue of soap, unless special rinses are resorted to, and both skin and hair are adversely affected by alkali.

The realisation of these problems caused prolonged and extensive experimentation by a firm of toilet soap and complexion specialists, themselves the manufacturers of their exclusive products, in order to discover the ingredients for a perfect shampoo-powder. The result is the new and unique "Ava" Shampoo, which contains neither soap

nor any injurious alkali or chemicals. Its peculiar properties not only leave the scalp absolutely cleansed of all dirt and any of the oily deposits which clog the pores and cause the formation of dandruff, but bring out the sheen and true colouring of the hair, leaving it silky and specially amenable to "setting."

Since "Ava" Shampoo does not contain soap, there are no sticky insoluble products necessitating special acid rinses, and it can be used just as easily in hard water as in soft, and is equally suitable for hair of all shades and colours—black, blonde, or white. "Ava" Shampoo is not only harmless to the most delicate hair or the most sensitive scalp, but is actually beneficial, since it removes and prevents dandruff, checks any over-greasy tendency and cannot make the hair dry or brittle.

THE validity of the claims made for "Ava" Shampoo will not be doubted by those who know and use other "Ava" toilet specialities, and a trial of the new shampoo will convince those unfamiliar with "Ava" products.

The application of scientific discoveries about the benefits conferred on skin and general health by ultra-violet rays is one of the most interesting developments of contemporary beauty culture. The *British Medical Journal* recently reported on the wonderful results obtained by treating fats and oils with ultra-violet rays. Recently I wrote about a new irradiated face powder which contains the beneficial rays. "Ava" Complexion Soap is treated by a special process, for which a patent has been granted, with ultra-violet rays which stimulate the glands of the skin to healthy action, renewing and reviving complexions damaged by time or exposure, and prolonging the clarity of colouring and fineness of texture which belong to youth. This process makes "Ava" complexion and shaving soaps valuable and irreplaceable aids to skin beauty and puts them, with the new shampoo, in the vanguard of progressive scientific beauty culture.

The illustration shows a charmingly feminine and lovely coiffure created at our Berners St. Salons. Of finest quality soft hair, it is well defined and in excellent taste for all occasions.

Natural Hair of Lustrous Beauty

Lovely hair . . matching your own to a shade . . . fitting exactly. Transformations and Toupets . . . of pure human hair . . . perfectly modelled . . . bringing new beauty where hair is scanty. Interview our manageress at our West End Salon, or write for illustrated Brochure (B). All transactions are confidential.

Transformations from .. £2 10 9
Switches of pure Human Hair from 5/9
Chignons and Swathes from .. 10/9

The Manageress,
UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.,
80/84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E.
West End Salon: 1 Berners St., Oxford St., W.1
'Phone: Museum 3128.

THE BYSTANDER
6, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date..... 1933.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

A WATERPROOF FOR THE 12th

The 'ELVERY'

The opening of the shooting season demands a thoroughly reliable "Elvery" Waterproof. Guaranteed to withstand the heaviest rains, it gives the wearer complete protection and the knowledge that she is perfectly clad for the occasion. Price 84/-. Send for catalogue and patterns.

ELVERY'S

'never-mind-the-weather' wear

31, Conduit Street, W.1.

Telephone: Mayfair 0614.

THE 16/56 H.P. "ACE" CLOSE COUPLED DROP-HEAD COUPE, £435

BY
GOLDEN CLIPPER

FASTEST yet and still breaking records—the safety Air Liner with the speed of a Scout.

PARIS £6 : 6 : 0 Return

including free transport to and from Aerodromes and ample baggage allowance. Two Pilots—Dual Control—12 seats, wireless telephones, telegraphs, beacon; toilet.

LE TOUQUET - 1 Hour.
SWITZERLAND - 5 Hours.
RIVIERA - - - 7 ,,
SPAIN - - - - 9 ,,
CORSICA AND TUNIS.

Send for new Summer Timetable with fares and full details.

fly AIR UNION

Bookings from all Travel Agents or
52, Haymarket, London, S.W.1
'Phone: Whitehall 9671-2-3-4.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

Beauty for Everyone

EVERY kind of facial defect permanently and painlessly corrected by the wonderful Hystogen-Derma-Process—10,000 cases treated. Call or write for free consultation.
The Hystogen Institute (Estab. 1911),
40 Baker Street, W.1. 'Phone: WELbeck 5816.

"LEICA" SPECIALISTS
DEVELOPING, PRINTING and ENLARGING
LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST
WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 229)*

America's Consolation

F. J. Perry and G. P. Hughes (Great Britain) going on to court with G. M. Lott and J. van Ryn to play the doubles match in the Davis Cup contest at Auteuil, the only event won by the Americans

were playing Perry and Hughes. Lott apparently thought the linesman had erred, so he tapped Perry's subsequent service deliberately into the net, to much applause. Perry then had no option but to serve a double-fault, and honours were easy. This, to my mind, is entirely mistaken chivalry. A player has no right to question the decision of a linesman or referee during a game, and none of this throwing away of points should be allowed. It is a fairly common practice, but it is as absurd as the ignorant objection to potting your opponent's ball at billiards. It would be just as well if the International Federation issued a warning to players on the subject, and so cleared up the matter for good and all.

I'VE no space left now to refer to the disqualification of Jackie Brown, the world's fly-weight champion, for hitting low in his contest with Mickey McGuire, except to remark that the sharp action of the B.B.B.C. over the Doyle-Petersen affair seems to be bearing fruit already, and that is as it should be.

Nor can I dilate upon the International Alpine Motor Trial, which is taking place over some of the highest mountain passes in Europe, as you read this, though H. E. Symons, the captain of the British "three-litre" team, told me the other day that the fifty British drivers were very keen to repeat the overwhelming victory which they gained last year.

The Springboks' Success

South Africa scored a big victory over Australia in the first Test Match at Newlands (Capetown), winning by 17 points to 3. The picture shows D. Craven (S.A. scrum-half) touching down with W. G. Bennett (Australia) tackling too late to save a try

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME DISHES FOR HOT WEATHER

MOUSSE OF SALMON

LOBSTER ENTRÉE

ICED CURRY IN CUCUMBER CASES

ICED SAVOURY SOUFFLÉ

Mousse of Salmon (Cold)

FREE 1 lb. of cold boiled salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish-stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine, and salt and pepper; rub through a sieve. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, and whip it and the fish mixture together. Place in a china soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with sliced cucumber.

Lobster Entrée (Cold)

LINE small moulds with aspic. Put in pieces of lobster, cut small; then some slices of peeled tomatoes. Pound some picked shrimps with butter and enough aspic to make it set. Season well, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, the top layer being aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with mustard and cress, and serve with a salad.

Iced Curry in Cucumber Cases

PREPARE cases of cucumber by cutting off neatly-peeled lengths, stamp out in a fluted shape, and hollow out in the centre. Stew gently half an hour. Prepare fairly early, and stand on ice.

Curry for the Cases

TWO tablespoonsful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of curry powder, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two small onions minced fine. Simmer ten minutes, then add ½ lb. of finely-minced veal or chicken and simmer half an hour. Add a breakfastcupful of milk, and simmer until the moisture is almost absorbed.

Iced Savoury Soufflé

THIS dish can be made of almost any kind of fish; it is excellent with crab. Cut up the crab into very small pieces; let it soak in mayonnaise sauce for two or three hours. Take some well-flavoured aspic jelly and whip it till it is frothy. Put some of this at the bottom of the dish it is to be served in, then place a layer of the crab and fill it up with aspic and crab alternately till the mould is nearly full: place a stiff band of paper round, and fill it with whipped aspic. Put it on ice for two hours, take off the paper and serve.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1933

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, August 31st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth.....Club, if any.....

Telephone No. .....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. August 2, 1933.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

CLAPTON STADIUM

MILLFIELDS ROAD, E.5.

(Under National Greyhound Racing Club Rules)

Present the

GREYHOUND RACING SPRINT CLASSIC

SCURRY GOLD CUP

400 YARDS

£1,000 FOR FINAL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH

Meeting Commences at 8 p.m.

RAINING again — only a shower — but a summer dress can be soaked and ruined in half the length of the street. Thank heaven for Dexter!

A Dexter slips on so easily and looks so trim. A Dexter slips off in a trice and hangs so lightly on your arm. A Dexter is made in so many attractive shades—pearl-green, biscuit and grey are only a few of them. And in smartest company a Dexter is correct as well as comfortable.

Dexter

As British as the Weather—but Reliable. Priced at three guineas and upwards from specialist outfitters everywhere.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

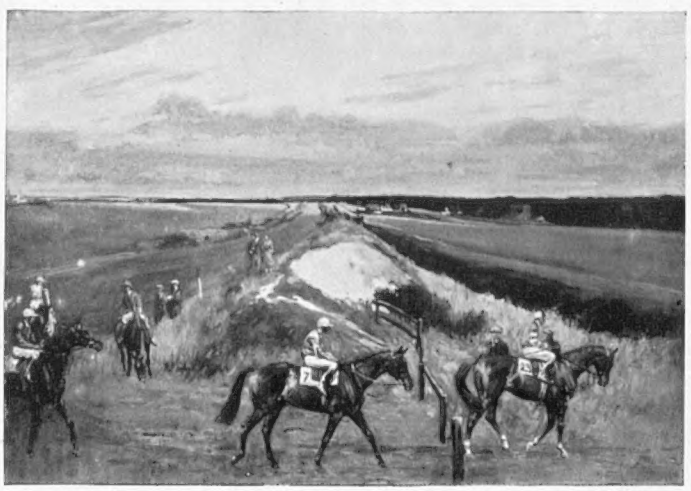
A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

"THE DITCH"



THE DITCH, NEWMARKET

Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

recently published in "THE SKETCH," has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended. Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject, "A Training Gallop," are exhausted and that print is now at a premium.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) - **£3 : 3 : 0.**
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - **£1 : 11 : 6.**

To be obtained from all Printsellers or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

HAVAS

MONTE CARLO BEACH

The Two BEACH HOTELS

and the HOTEL DE PARIS

The most favourable inclusive terms, with the choice of taking meals at the Restaurant of the Beach, at the Pergola, at the Summer Sporting-Club, at the Café de Paris and at the Restaurant of the Hotel de Paris.

For all informations, apply to the Société des Bains de Mer - Service R.B Monte-Carlo

THE DAY OF DAYS

for friends far away . . . The Day The

MAIL-BOAT

arrives

LETTERS . . . of course they come first, but then comes the unquenchable longing for something to read of the world at large, and especially of dear old England.

THINK! Whom do you know overseas who would give anything for a copy of The BYSTANDER each week? For the modest sums below our Publisher will despatch for you thirteen, twenty-six or fifty-two weeks in succession — no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. It's so very simple for you to give your friend this perpetual delight. A note to The Publisher (address below) or a request to your regular newsagent, and the deed is done for you. Your friend's address, and yours, of course, that he or she may know to whom the thanks are due.

And if you are going cruising The BYSTANDER can be sent direct to reach you at your ports of call.

Courtesy of the Union Castle Line

THE BYSTANDER

Subscription Rates	*At Home*	*Canada*	*Elsewhere Abroad*
Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	£3.3.0	£3.1.0	£3.7.6
Six months, including Double Nos.	£1.11.6	£1.10.6	£1.13.9
Three months, no extras	15.9	15.3	17.0

WRITE THE PUBLISHER—346, STRAND, LONDON—HE WILL DO THE REST—Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.

332.P.7